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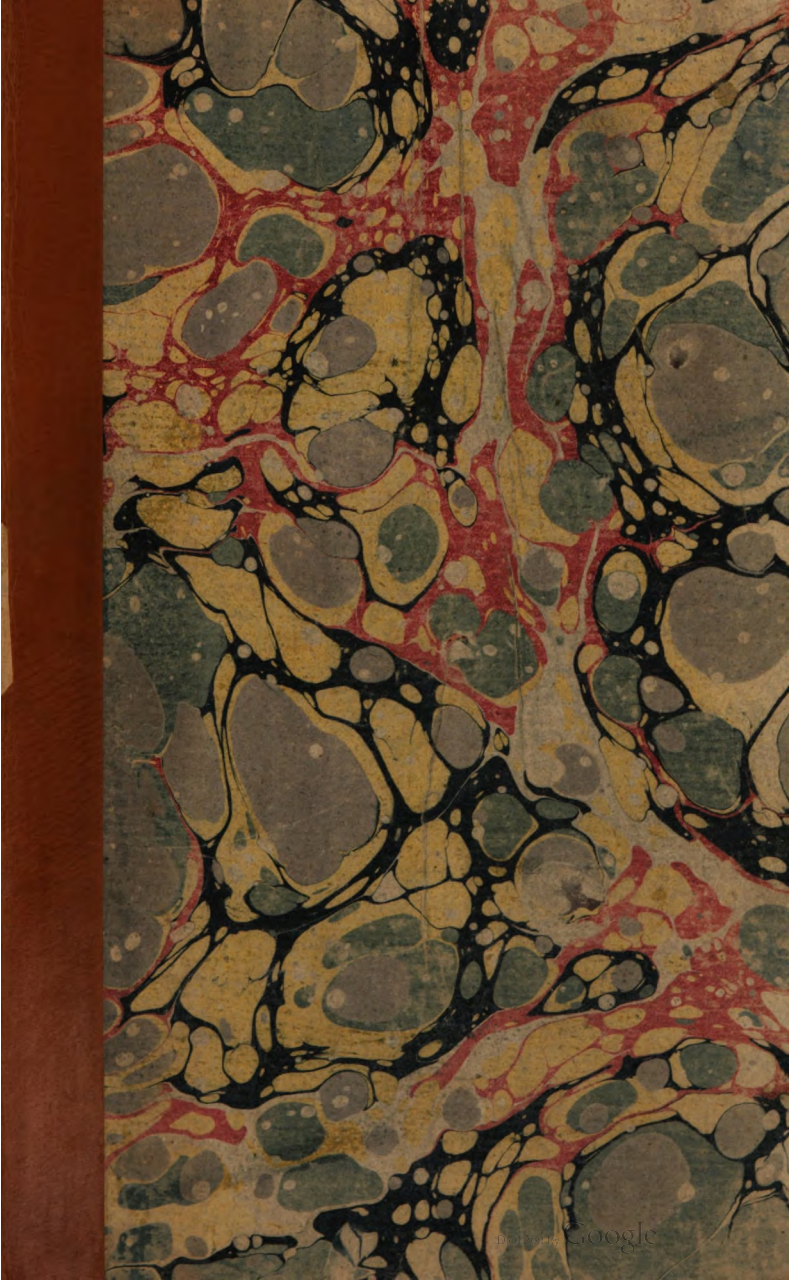
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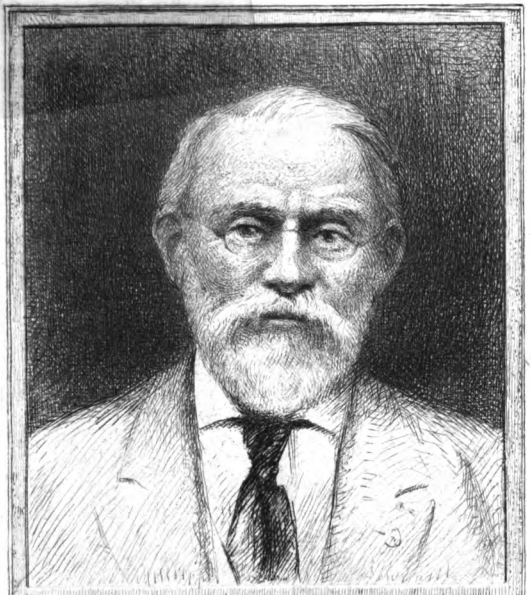

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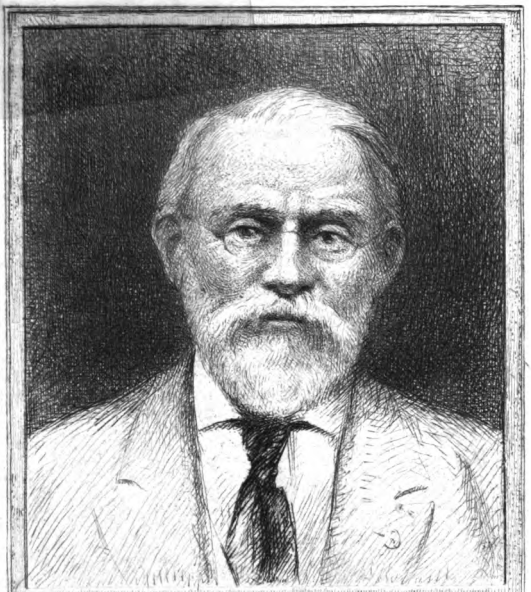

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THE MODERN ATALANTIS;

OR, THE

DEVIL in an AIR BALLOON.

CONTAINING THE

Characters and Secret Memoirs

OF THE

MOST CONSPICUOUS PERSONS OF HIGH QUALITY, OF BOTH SEXES,

IN THE

ISLAND of LIBERTUSIA,

In the WESTERN OCEAN.

Tranſlated from the LIBERTUSIAN LANGUAGE.

When Caps into a Croud are thrown,
What fits him each Man calls his own.

LONDON.

Printed for G. KEARSLEY, at No. 46, Fleet Street.

MDCCLXXXIV.

Entered at Stationers Hall.

[Price Half a Crown ſewed.]

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TO

J*** W*****, Esq.

SIR,

THE translator of the modern Atalantis has presumed to dedicate his labours to you, as the profest and distinguished patron of virtue, piety, and religion. Both in public and in private life your behaviour has been eminently consistent. As a Senator, your name will ever stand unrivalled in the annals of patriotic glory; as a Citizen, you have exerted your great abilities with more than Roman integrity; and in the relative duties of domestic life you have given to the admiring world an uncommon example of conjugal fidelity and of paternal tenderness. Nor has your literary merit been inconsiderable. The Ladies of Great Britain will ever revere those

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thoſe modeſt lines, ſo pregnant with poetic fire, which have done equal honour to their virtues, and to your own unſullied purity. Think not, Sir, that I offer you the fulſome incenſe of flattery, or that I even ſuppoſe you conſcious of your own exalted merit. Your virtue can only be equalled by your humility, and you will conſider yourſelf unworthy of that praiſe, which is far inadequate to your deſerts.

That you may for many ſucceſſive years remain an ornament to the Britiſh Senate, and that the modern Atalantis may flouriſh under your good auſpices, is the wiſh,

SIR,

Of your moſt obedient

And truly devoted

Servant and admirer,

Feb. 7, 1784.

The TRANSLATOR.

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38 Earl of Chesterfield.
41 Lady Archer.
44 Hon. Charles Fox.
46 Lord Thurlow.
52 Duchess of Cumberland.
54 Mrs. Robinson.
60 Earl of Derby.
64 Colonel Cockburne.
69 Sir William Howe.
72 Lord Amherst.
74 Mr. Burke.
76 Sir Charles Bampfylde, Bart.
80 Earl of Peterborough, and Lord Deerhurst.
85 Lady Rodney.
91 Lord George Gordon.
95 Lord Townsend.
98 Earl of Effingham.
101 Earl of Bristol, the Bishop of Derry.
104 Lady Lyttleton.
109 The King
114 Mr. Sheridan.
117 Duke of St. Albans.
122 Sir Peter Burrel, Knt.

N. B. The original Manuscript is of no Use to any one but the Author; but, for particular Reasons, any of the above Persons would be happy to find it.

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A Key to the Modern Atalantis.

LOST in ST. JAMES's PARK,

A Manuſcript Treatiſe on AIR BALLOONS; in which they are proved not to be of modern Invention, the Idea having been borrowed from a Work, publiſhed near a Century ago, under the Title of

ATALANTIS.

Whoever has found the above, is requeſted to deliver it to any one of the following reſpectable Perſons, whoſe Names are inſerted in the Margin of each Page of the Manuſcript, as underwritten.

Page

5 SIR John Lade, Bart.
7 Mrs. Smith.
10 Duke of Rutland.
13 Hon. John Townſend.
14 Lady Frances Leſlie.
15 Hon. Thomas Onſlow.
19 Hon. Colonel Stanhope.
22 Mrs. Stanhope, and Mrs. Falkener, formerly called Dab Aſhe.
24 Duke of Queenſberry.
25 Kate Frederic.
27 Sir Thomas Rumbold, Bart.
34 Governor Morris.

38 Earl

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THE

MODERN ATALANTIS;

OR,

The DEVIL in an AIR BALLOON.

IN a beautiful iſland, ſituate in the wide Atlantic ocean, reſided the ſage Urgando. During the ſpace of twice ſeven revolving luſtres he had with unwearied diligence explored the moſt hidden ſecrets of nature, and had ſtudied thoſe powerful arts, by which the winds of heaven are huſhed to ſleep, the terrific meteors arreſted in their fiery courſe, and the dread miniſters of the infernal empire rendered ſubſervient to the human will. The iſland, of which he reigned the unrivalled maſter, was of itſelf a terreſtrial paradiſe. Nature had ſhowered her choiceſt bleſſings upon the fertile earth; groves of the moſt beautiful trees offered their refreſhing ſhade;

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limpid ſtreams by their murmurs invited gentle ſleep; and the moſt delicious fruits ſpontaneouſly grew amidſt the flowery hedges. Urgando was the only mortal, whom the god of ocean had permitted to reſide on this his favoured iſland. The unſubſtantial ſpirits, that inhabit the vaſt expanſe of air, were obedient to his will; they adminiſtered to his wants, and pleaſures; and the choiceſt luxuries, that can delight the palate or amuſe the eye, were quick as the tranſient gleam of lightening ſupplied by their attentive care. The joys of human ſociety alone were abſent. A miſt impenetrable to mortal ſight ſurrounded theſe bliſsful ſhores; fierce currents oppoſed the approach of thoſe floating towers, which the inventive genius of man has boldly launched upon the roaring waters; and the howling dæmon of the tempeſt guarded from foreign invaders this forbidden coaſt. His ſkill had taught him that there were other iſlands, and that in thoſe iſlands there exiſted a race of beings, who enjoyed the pleaſures of ſocial intercourſe, and to whom ſolitude was a puniſhment worſe than death itſelf. He ardently wiſhed to viſit theſe diſtant countries, to learn their manners and their laws, and to view

view with impartial eyes their virtues and their crimes. He called by his powerful ſpells the dæmon Uriel from the gloomy manſions of the infernal king, and commanded himſelf to be tranſported through the wide expanded regions of the azure ſky to the celebrated iſle of Libertuſia, the imperial miſtreſs of the weſtern ocean, and the favoured ſeat of liberty and ſcience.

At this period the reſtleſs ingenuity of man had contrived a vaſt machine, by which the daring artiſt had ſoared above the clouds of heaven, and viſited the great ætherial expanſe no longer impervious to the human race. Even dæmons had envied man the glory of this invention, and had reluctantly confeſſed themſelves far inferior to the mortal artiſt in mechanic ſkill. This engine by the creative powers of magic in a moment preſented itſelf to the aſtoniſhed view of Urgando, who joyfully ſprang into his ſeat, and embracing the faithful Uriel, earth, ocean, and all ſublunary objects ſuddenly diſappeared, and ſecurely fixed in his aërial chariot, his boſom beat high with expectation, while he ſailed with impetuous force upon the wings of propitious gales, and liſtened with eager atten-

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tion to his obedient comrade, who thus addreſſed him.

URIEL.

WE now approach to the gay, the renowned, the delightful iſland of Libertuſia. The capital of this mighty empire is now before us, and at the Circus the rich, the beautiful, and the voluptuous at this moment vie with each other in the pompous diſplay of dreſs and equipage.

At the Circus the new-married lady firſt exhibits to public view her jewels and her gilded coach; and the youthful widow, moſt lovely in her weeds, conſigns to eternal oblivion the memory of a tender huſband. The ſpendthrift heir, releaſed from a pedantic tutor and from college rules, here ſports his lofty phaeton; and the emaciated debauchee, the pallid livery of death ſtrongly imprinted on his languid countenance, in vain flies to air and exerciſe for relief from thoſe diſorders, which the grave only can remove. We are now at a convenient diſtance from the earth; we will here arreſt the motion of our chariot, and ſecure from the intruſion of mortal eyes we will view the gay crowd beneath us.

BEHOLD

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BEHOLD yon triumphant car drawn by ſix dappled greys, and ſurrounded by clouds of duſt. The owner of that ſplended equipage was born to the enjoyment of every bleſſing, that rank and opulence can beſtow. His father, who was of the Equeſtrian order, and who devoted his whole life to the ſports of the field, died a martyr to his favourite amuſement, and the young gentleman with the fortunes of his worthy parent inherited alſo his taſte for the dog kennel and the ſtable. Even in his earlieſt infancy this predominant paſſion diſplayed itſelf, and while his maſters in vain endeavoured to inſtil into him the ſage precepts of Seneca, the ſole ſtudy of the Chevalier was the ſportſman's calendar, and his only ſchool for eloquence was the livery ſtable. His manners, as he advanced in life, were ſuch as might naturally be expected from this mode of education, and his ideas fully correſponded with his appearance. Obſerve the clowniſh ſlouch of his hat, and the enormous ſize of the triple cape which overſpreads his ſhoulders. You ſee the complete groom in his dreſs, and the coachman in every attitude. The largeneſs of his landed

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property, and the vaſt accumulation of ready money during a long minority afforded an ample field to the ingenious knights of the order of induſtry; his rooted averſion to the ſociety of men of rank and faſhion inevitably plunged him into the company of the loweſt and moſt infamous of mankind; and his ignorance pointed him out as a moſt happy ſubject for their wily ſchemes of plunder. Here however they were in a great meaſure diſappointed, and even their deep laid ſtratagems often practiſed againſt themſelves. One crafty adventurer had marked him for his prey, and of him the unguarded Chevalier became the excluſive property. This man, who was completely verſed in the acts of low cunning and in the myſterious ſcience of play, but whoſe narrow abilities had precluded even the poſſibility of his moving in that humble ſphere which his unambitious parents had aſſigned him behind the counter of an apothecary, in a ſhort time became ſo neceſſary to the Chevalier that he was conſulted on the minuteſt tranſactions, and not even a groom was diſmiſſed or a new gelding deprived of his ears without the advice of this favoured counſellor. The conſequence may eaſily be imagined.

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gined. The young gentleman was introduced to every broker or advertiſing uſurer from the *pompous apoſtate Iſraelite*, whoſe diſtorted ſhape is concealed under embroidered velvet, to each crafty negotiator of the chriſtian tribe, and his diſintereſted friend was ever liberal of his collateral ſecurity on the equitable terms of dividing the ſpoil with his patron. However he certainly poſſeſſed this merit (which perhaps few of that worthy fraternity can boaſt) that while he conſidered the purſe of the Chevalier as his own, he excluded every other adventurer from the ſmalleſt ſhare of it. He even taught him to plead his nonage againſt tavern ſcores, to oppoſe the ſtatute of limitation againſt the demands of tradeſmen, and to file bills in the courts of equity againſt his numerous annuitants.

That lovely creature, who ſits ſmiling by his ſide in all the charms of native elegance and blooming youth, is now his favourite ſultana. Her hiſtory is curious, and few women have in ſo ſhort a time experienced ſuch uncommon variety of adventures. She was firſt uſhered into life in the very humble ſtation of houſe-maid to a celebrated abbeſs, where with a laudable perſeverance ſhe ſcrubbed the ſtairs, and

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and performed every ſervile office, till in a fortunate hour a young nobleman, whoſe delicacy the fumes of wine had overpowered, admired the fairneſs of her ſkin, (which had been waſhed more than ordinarily clean) and at once promoted her from the ſcullery of a brothel to affluence and to the honours of his bed. Her latent charms now blazed forth in all their ſplendor, and his Lordſhip was envied for the poſſeſſion of that beauty, which for a while had paſſed unnoticed, and but for the accident of an auſpicious moment had yet been conſigned to the dirty embraces of ſome kitchen ſwain. Satiety ſoon followed enjoyment, and his Lordſhip's purſe and his conſtitution proved equally inſufficient to anſwer the demands of the now haughty fair one. A ſeparation much to the ſatisfaction of both parties took place, and a ſucceſſion of generous lovers enabled the lady to make a moſt brilliant appearance at every place of faſhionable reſort, and the elegance of her chariot furniſhed ample matter of criticiſm to the news-papers, and of envy to each leſs fortunate demirep. Haughty grandees and wealthy commoners by turns ſacrificed at the altars of

this.

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this frail Venus; and a younger ſon of the *once* moſt powerful King in Europe is ſuppoſed to have taſted the firſt fruits of love in her bewitching arms.

URGANDA.

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URGANDO.

WHAT nobleman is that, on whoſe vacant front the goddeſs of dulneſs ſits enthroned, and who ſeems equally inſenſible to the gay ſcene around him, and to the beauties of that angelic creature who is ſeated by him? The vivacity of her countenance, and the fire of her expreſſive eyes form an admirable contraſt to the fixed apathy of his placid face, and ſeem to reproach him for the want of attention to thoſe charms, which excite the moſt rapturous emotions in every other breaſt.

URIEL.

THAT young man is a grandee of the empire, and the lady by his ſide is his amiable Dutcheſs. No youth ever came forward on the great ſtage of life with more eclat, and no one ever leſs deſerved it. The news-papers have pompouſly aſcribed to him every virtue of which the human heart is capable, and the magazines have announced him to the world as the completeſt pattern of claſſical learning, that ever reflected honour on that ſeminary of wickedneſs

wickedneſs and immorality, a public ſchool. I muſt do this juſtice to his character, to acknowledge that his vices are very few. One, and that indeed of a moſt dangerous tendency as it grows ſtronger with increaſing years, has embarraſſed his circumſtances, and proved a ſource of unhappineſs to his family. An invincible attachment to the dice-box has already diminiſhed his princely fortune, and titled ſharpers have divided among them thoſe thouſands, from the diſtribution of which among the creditors of his deceaſed father his Grace might have derived eternal honour to himſelf, and have ſaved from reproach the memory of the moſt exalted character, that ever ſhone conſpicuous in the annals of military glory. As for his virtues, they are at beſt but negative. His natural reſerve prevents his mixing with his inferiors, and has given him a domeſtic turn; and his pride forbids him to incur any other debts, than thoſe which the misjudging world has ſo falſly ſtiled debts of honour. His abilities, either as a ſenator or a ſcholar, are far below mediocrity. When at ſchool he built his reputation on the labours of another boy, and at college he was crowned with no academical honours, except thoſe

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thoſe which are conferred at ſtated periods on ennobled youths. How far he inherits the ſpirit of his noble father, let his conduct ſpeak. At a time when the iſland was invaded by foreign enemies; when a conſiderable part of the empire was on the point of being diſſevered from the mother country; and when the exertions of every brave and loyal citizen were doubly neceſſary to retrieve the tarniſhed glory of this once happy kingdom, his Grace oſtentatiouſly preſented his ſovereign the price of a battalion, but forgetful of his father's laurels he gave the command of it to a more active chief, and ſuffered the regiment, which bore his name, to remain a living monument of his inglorious ambition.

The virtues of his amiable lady are equally above the reach of cenſure, and ſuperior to the breath of envy. Moſt happily formed by nature either for the ſplendor of a court, or for the more pleaſing duties of private life, ſhe affords an example which few modern ladies have abilities or inclination to imitate. But not all her elegant accompliſhments, nor that virtue, which even the moſt profligate cannot but revere, could ſave this pattern of excellence from the barbarous inſults of a wanton

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wanton libertine. A youth of illuſtrious deſcent, of uncommon parts and hitherto unblemiſhed reputation, the favoured companion too of the unſuſpecting Duke, had perſuaded himſelf that no female could withſtand the attractions of his perſon, and had conceived deſigns injurious to the honour of his friend and to the virtue of his lovely conſort. His grace having requeſted him to attend her home from a rout, he thought this a favourable opportunity of putting his infernal ſcheme in execution, and actually took ſuch unwarrantable liberties with his fair charge, that ſhe was obliged to call the ſervants to her aſſiſtance, and the youth was ignominiouſly dragged out of the carriage, and left ſprawling in the ſtreet. Intoxication was the excuſe alledged, and a ſlight apology offered to his inſulted friend, which his Grace quietly accepted as an adequate reparation for the breach of friendſhip, and for the higheſt affront which it is in the power of one man to offer to another.

In the midſt of all this magnificence, by birth inferior only to royalty itſelf, and on the point of being raiſed by the favour of his ſovereign to the higheſt dignities of the empire, his Grace is not entirely happy. The

 proſtitution

proſtitution of an only ſiſter has caſt an indelible ſtain on his illuſtrious family, and planted thorns in the boſom of this haughty nobleman. Endowed by nature with every enchanting grace, that could either captivate mankind, or render her an ornament to thoſe poliſhed circles in which ſhe was born to move, and married with every auſpicious omen to a noble youth, who was equally the object of her own choice and of the moſt ſanguine wiſhes of her friends, ſhe forgot what was due to her exalted birth, to an affectionate huſband, and to her hitherto unſullied fame, and in one unlucky moment deſcended from rank, from ſplendor, and from thoſe exalted honours which attend on conſcious virtue, to infamy and to ruin. A divorce of courſe enſued, and the ſiſter of the proudeſt grandee in Europe, rejected by her relations and ſpurned from ſociety by the unforgiving world, is now the humble wife of a wine-merchant in a neighbouring kingdom, whom her fortune, much more than her perſonal charms, allured to receive her into his ignoble arms.

URGANDO.

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URGANDO.

WHAT curious equipage is that, which next advances, drawn by a ſet of horſes ſcarcely bigger than rats, and followed by a whole pack of Pomeranian curs? The uncommon ſmallneſs of the phaeton moſt aptly correſponds with the diminutive ſize of the charioteer, whoſe noſe is overſhadowed by an enormous pair of ſpectacles, and his whole countenance totally obſcured from view by the immenſe hat, with which his little head is loaded. He ſeems to contemplate his own conſequence with no little ſatisfaction, and I make no doubt but he thinks the perfection of human excellence conſiſts in the expert management of a coach-whip.

URIEL.

THAT pigmy charioteer, whoſe every idea is concentred in his little ſelf, is heir to a noble fortune and to a title, and is one of thoſe glorious pillars of the conſtitution, *an independent ſenator.* He received the firſt rudiments of his education at a great ſchoool in

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the metropolis, where all his pocket money was expended in driving hackney coaches, and whence he was removed to the univerſity, a moſt ſtriking inſtance of the little advantages which the ſons of men of rank derive from public tuition. The vicinity of the moſt famous race-courſe in Libertuſia was to him a conſtant ſource of amuſement, and to his tutors a perpetual ſubject of uneaſineſs. They expected little credit to themſelves from the abilities of their pupil, and ſtill leſs from his obſtinate averſion to ſcholaſtic exerciſes; nor were they diſappointed in their conjectures. He launched into life a moſt conſummate coxcomb, equally devoid of exterior grace or of internal knowledge, and was introduced into the Libertuſian ſenate, moſt deplorably ignorant of the conſtitution and laws of that country, in the government of which he was to poſſeſs ſo conſiderable a ſhare. The ſtriking characteriſtics of this gentleman are ſelf conceit and avarice. Every geſture of his body beſpeaks the former, and the latter, though partly concealed under the ſplendid maſk of equipage and parade, evidently appears from his violent attachment to play, whenever he thinks that either his own ſkill or the inexperience

of

of his antagoniſt affords him a convenient opportunity of gratifying his darling paſſion. However to this paſſion he has often fallen a ſacrifice. He once loſt ſome thouſands to a *famous adventurer* at the German Spa, and has even been pigeoned of conſiderable ſums at his favourite game of billiards, where his diminutive ſtature, his green ſpectacles, and the ſudden diſtortions of countenance, which never fail to accompany each ſtroke, combine to form the moſt curious ſpectacle ever exhibited to public view. However with all theſe diſadvantages he has been uncommonly ſucceſsful with the fair ſex. His firſt wife was a co-heireſs, whoſe fortune from the death of an only brother was conſiderable, and who is ſuppoſed to have died a martyr to the immoderate uſe of paint. On his marriage with her the family penſion, given as a reward for real or ſuppoſed ſervices to his noble anceſtor, was added to his income; a magnificent ſervice of plate was purchaſed; and ſix unfortunate ponies underwent the loſs of every natural ornament, of which their whimſical maſter could deprive them. The lady, whom the proſpect of a title and the delightful embelliſhment of a coronet on her chariot door has ſince induced to favour him

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with her hand, is a rich and beautiful widow, whom the generous will of her first husband had amply rewarded for the voluntary sacrifice of youthful charms to impotence and dotage. The honours of this noble family have been somewhat tarnished by an *unfortunate accident*, which exposed a younger brother of it to public infamy, and banished him to a country where he may gratify his peculiar taste with less danger to himself, and dishonour to those who by the ties of consanguinity are bound to afford him that protection in another kingdom, which by his crime he has forfeited in this.

OBSERVE

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OBSERVE that cabriolet which next advances. Mark the conſequential airs of the pert coxcomb who drives it, and the aſſumed importance of his new-married lady. His military atchievements have been lately the general topic of converſation at clubs and coffee-houſes, and a marriage by which he has diſgraced his illuſtrious houſe, and connected himſelf with a family that might have been happy in his protection *on leſs honourable terms*, could not fail affording the higheſt entertainment to the tea-tables of this gay metropolis. The younger ſons of the nobility are ſeldom born to conſiderable fortunes, but yet they are taught in their earlieſt years to imbibe the principles of extravagance, and the pride of birth confines them to the purſuit of arms, or to the inglorious eaſe of the ſacerdotal habit. From his father this young gentleman inherited little elſe than a taſte for diſſipation; from his mother indeed he derived ſentiments of native elegance, and from her he received ſuch leſſons for his future conduct in life, as would have reflected honour on herſelf, and have produced the moſt eſſential advantages to her darling ſon, had not her *example* counteracted

teracted thoſe precepts, which her tongue enforced. A cornetcy of dragoons was his firſt eſſay in life, and no young man ſported a larger cockade or was more remarkable for the ſmart cut of his regimentals than the gay Narciſſo. He was daily ſeen in the circus, the park, and at the theatres, and ſoon became the favourite cicifbeo of faſhionable demireps and of antiquated maids of quality. His father, who foreſaw little hopes of promotion for him in the dragoons, procured his removal into that corps whoſe peculiar duty it is to protect the perſon of their ſovereign, and where a polite addreſs and a ſtrict attention to the graces are deemed much more valuable accompliſhments than either a knowledge of military tacktics, or undaunted courage in the field. On the commencement of that war, which has involved all Europe in a flame, and which has terminated ſo diſgracefully to this iſland, he attained the rank of major, and the death of his lieutenant colonel left the command of conſiderable part of his regiment to him, at a time when the native enemies of his country were hourly expected to invade that iſland, which his detachment was ſtationed to protect. Highly flat-

flattering to his vanity were theſe unlooked for honours, but the event proved fatal to his reputation, and all his military laurels ſuddenly withered in the bud. The expected invaſion took place, and a body of the enemy's troops landed without oppoſition, and ſet fire to the houſes of the defenceleſs planters. The governor, in whom the ſupreme command was unqueſtionably veſted, iſſued the neceſſary orders for that defence, which might at leaſt have protracted the capture of the place, and perhaps have afforded time for a relief. The major denied that he owed obedience to the governor, and calling a council of war of thoſe officers who were immediately devoted to himſelf, the iſland was ſurrendered without the exchange of a ſingle ſhot, and the conquerors declared that the annals of Europe did not afford one inſtance of a more eaſy conqueſt. He of courſe returned diſgraced to Europe, and was baniſhed the preſence of his ſovereign. The news-papers announced his diſhonour to the world, and every print-ſhop exhibited a ludicrous repreſentation of the ſhameful ſurrender of an iſland ſo valuable to the Libertuſian empire. His accuſer appealed to his king for a candid enquiry into the facts, and

and to the public for a ſuſpenſion of cenſure, till the final deciſion of a court-martial ſhould have either confirmed the charge, or have removed the ſtain of cowardice and neglected duty from the major. An enquiry accordingly took place, when to the aſtoniſhment of all mankind the ſuppoſed delinquent was honourably acquitted, and the rank of lieutenant colonel given him, as a ſmall compenſation for the ſtigma ſo *unjuſtly* thrown upon his injured fame. The lady, whoſe good fortune has raiſed her to a rank in life ſo infinitely ſuperior either to her expectations or deſerts, has only thoſe attractions to boaſt of, which ſhe derives from nature. Her mother was of low extraction, and was ſuppoſed to have lived as miſtreſs with a foreign miniſter, whoſe intrigues during a reſidence of near half a century in this iſland only ended with his life. This young lady however was not the offspring of an unlawful amour. Madame **** before her charms were faded gave her hand to a naval officer, who did not long ſurvive the marriage. She was left with two infant daughters, and with an income far inadequate to the ſtile in which ſhe before had lived, and which ſhe ſtill continued to maintain.

tain. To what *fund* ſhe was indebted for her ſupport, has ever been a ſecret to the world; however ſhe has this merit, that ſhe paid the ſtricteſt attention to the education of her daughter, and omitted no pains which could ſet off her beauty to advantage, or improve her mind. How far ſhe has ſucceeded in procuring her an elegant eſtabliſhment, the event has proved. She certainly has aggrandized her family; her daughter now moves in the politeſt circles, and the Count ********** has received her with the ſame polite attention, as if his brother had formed a connexion more happily ſuited to the wiſhes of his friends. The dowager counteſs is inexorable, and has refuſed her *bleſſing* to her once favoured ſon. But time may effect a reconciliation; particularly as ſhe was ſo capitally inſtrumental to the miſconduct of the colonel, who firſt ſaw the young lady at his mother's table, and almoſt with her connivance drank thoſe deep draughts of love, which are ſo enchanting in their early progreſs, but which ſeldom fail to terminate in ſorrow and repentance.

URGANDO.

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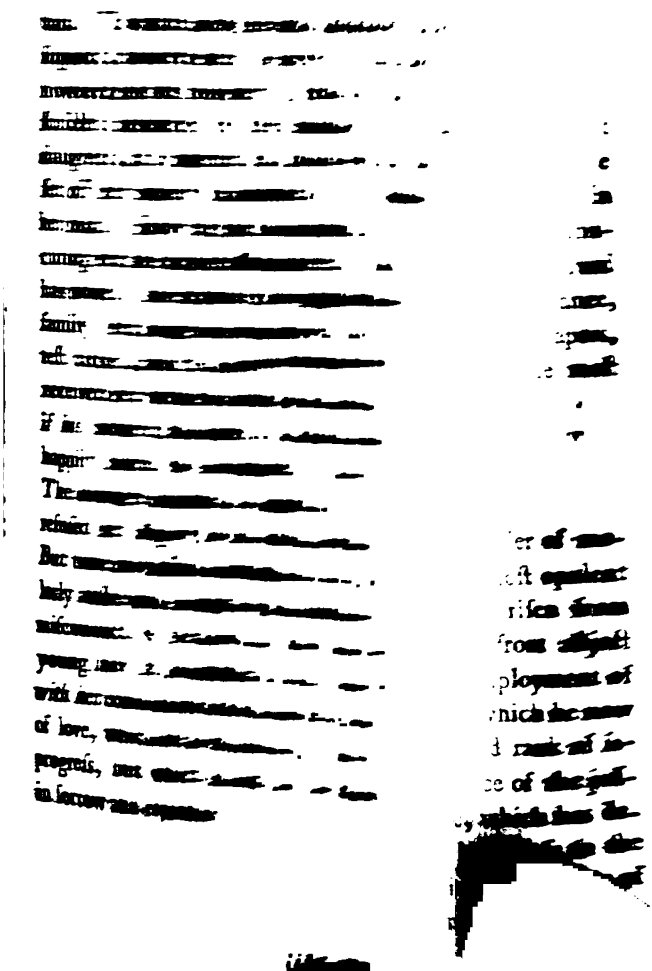
URGANDO.

WHAT elderly nobleman is that, who ſo eagerly reconnoitres each celebrated beauty as his carriage paſſes them, and darts ſuch amorous glances from his ſolitary eye? In ſpite of old age and wrinkles there is ſomething engaging in his countenance, and the god of love ſeems reſolved to triumph over the ravages of time. There is a ducal coronet on his *vis-a-vis*, and his well managed horſes, as they prance along, ſeem proud of their illuſtrious maſter.

URIEL.

THAT gentleman is his Grace of ****** ****, better known to the gay world by his former title of Lord *****. The race courſe has ever been his favourite ſcene of action, and his improvements on the great ſcience of play have been far more beneficial to his pocket than to his reputation. Every animal, from the high bred race horſe down to the humble gooſe, has at different periods been the ſubject of his fertile invention, and in the



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contributions from a variety of enamoured ſwains, and for ſome years ſhe blazed forth a moſt reſplendent ſtar in the world of gallantry. At laſt however her creditors became importunate, and her inconſtancy had loſt her thoſe friends, by whoſe bounty ſhe had ſo oft been reſcued from the hands of bailiffs. The fatal hour was at hand, and a priſon afforded the charming libertine a ſufficient leiſure for reflection. His Grace allowed her a ſcanty income, and after a few months confinement her debts were compromiſed, and ſhe returned to new ſcenes of folly and diſſipation.

URGANDO.

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URGANDO.

WHO is the ſupercilious gentleman that follows in the next pompous chariot? The ſplendid liveries of his attendants glitter in the ſun, and his horſes ſweat under the unuſual weight of their ſilver trappings. A fixed gloom ſeems to overſpread his countenance, and he holds in his hand a ſcroll of papers, which he regards with a look of the moſt pointed diſcontent.

URIEL.

THAT gentleman is a Chevalier of modern creation, and is one of the moſt opulent ſubjects of the empire. He has riſen from the loweſt dregs of mankind, from abject beggary, and from the ſervile employment of a ſhoe-black to the vaſt fortune which he now poſſeſſes, and to the diſtinguiſhed rank of ſenator. But he is a living inſtance of the juſtice of an all-wiſe Providence, which has denied the bleſſing of internal happineſs to the wretch, who has dared to violate the laws of nations, and whoſe bold ambition has dealt

forth the complicated horrors of war and famine through thoſe unhappy countries, where the ſun of liberty has never diffuſed his genial influence, and where the claims of European invaders are founded on that worſt of pleas, the right of conqueſt. Surrounded by all the glittering parade of wealth, he carries a ſcorpion within his boſom, and the gloomy horrors, which ſit upon his brow, are but a faint image of that remorſe which preys upon his heart. The deſolation, which has ſpread far and wide throughout the Eaſtern world, has been the fatal effect of his unbounded avarice, and while his own coffers were filled with gold, he thought little of the loſs of thoſe territorial poſſeſſions ſo valuable to the Libertuſian empire, and purchaſed at the expence of ſo much blood and treaſure. The adventures of his youth contain nothing remarkable. He emigrated at an early period from his native country, and landed on the Indian ſhore without recommendation, friends, or money. He ſoon however got admittance into the family of a merchant in the humble ſtation of a clerk, and by an unwearied attention to buſineſs, and by ſome fortunate ſtrokes in trade, he returned after an abſence of ſeveral years to Europe,

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Europe, loaded with the golden ſpoils of Aſia, and exhibiting to the view of his aſtoniſhed countrymen a moſt curious pattern of the aſſumed pride and awkward conſequence of an Eaſtern nabob. A gaudy equipage was immediately ordered; an imaginary coat of arms was blazoned on his carriages; and his hall was crowded with ſaucy lackeys, who excluded thoſe quondam comrades from the preſence of their haughty maſter, to whoſe benevolence in former years he had often been indebted for a bit of bread. A conſiderable ſum was expended in the purchaſe of a ſeat in the Libertuſian ſenate, and every intereſt was now exerted and every nerve was ſtrained to gain his favourite point. He had long wiſhed to emerge from the filthy dregs of the Plebeian order, and he would willingly have ſacrificed half his fortune to procure letters of nobility. Here indeed he failed of the wiſhed-for ſucceſs; but a vacancy happening during the adminiſtration of that party, under whoſe banners he had fortunately enliſted, he obtained the lucrative appointment of Viceroy to the Indies, where he arrived juſt at the commencement of hoſtilities between Libertuſia and the mighty empire of Terpſichoria.

He here found the native princes diſſaffected to the Libertuſian intereſt, and his own government divided by inteſtine broils. But he took no pains to reconcile the contending parties at home, nor did he ſolicit the aid of foreign allies. He ſaw with unconcern the powerful tyrant of Myſore carry over his numerous armies to the ſtandard of the Terpſichorian general, but he found no leiſure from the management of his own private concerns to attend to the duties of his ſtation, or to the intereſts of his country. The leaſes of thoſe provinces, which were not yet the ſeat of war, were reſold to the higheſt bidder, and every ſpecies of oppreſſion was countenanced in thoſe parts which were far diſtant from the ſeat of government, while the ſubordinate chiefs divided the ſpoils with their avaricious governor. At this important period one auſpicious event caſt a gleam of triumph over the Libertuſian arms, and for a while warded off the blow, which was hereafter to fall with redoubled force on that devoted country. The capital fortreſs belonging to the enemy ſurrendered after a two months ſiege, and the ſon of the Viceroy was diſpatched to Europe with the glorious news,

and

and with a pompous account of the great ſervices which his father had rendered to his king. He had the honour of laying the colours at the feet of his ſovereign, and the rank of the Equeſtrian order was conferred upon the fortunate Viceroy, who immediately gave up the government to his ſucceſſor, and reviſited Europe crowned with borrowed laurels, but his coffers moſt amply freighted with ſterling gold. The Chevalier now thought himſelf on the point of reaching the higheſt pinnacle of human grandeur. Nothing leſs than a title could ſatisfy his towering ambition, and he already began to look down with contempt on that inferior branch of the legiſlature, in which the people of this iſland by general conſent have veſted their lives and liberties. To that Houſe however he has been obliged to bend the knee. The violated rights of the unhappy natives of India called aloud for redreſs, and the honour of the Libertuſian empire required that its ſubjects ſhould not in vain appeal to the throne for juſtice. An enquiry into the private affairs of the Chevalier was deemed an object of national concern; and the arts by which he had amaſſed ſuch prodigious treaſures were now to be expoſed

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poſed to the examination of impartial ſenators. His judges however in their zeal for the public ſervice exceeded thoſe powers, which by the conſtitution of the country, as well as the voice of their electors, are entruſted to them. They enacted reſtraining laws, by which both his perſon and his property were left at the diſpoſal of the ſenate, and his innocent family were involved in the ſentence, which proſcribed the fortunes of the guilty parent. In this inſtance however to do a great right they did a little wrong, and happy would it be for this iſland, was their authority oftener ſtretched beyond its uſual limits to curb the ambition of thoſe daring men, who hold themſelves amenable to no laws, except ſuch as are ſubſervient to their aſpiring views. This accident and the ſtings of a guilty conſcience are the occaſion of that melancholy, which has ſo viſible an effect upon his features. The ſcroll, which he carries in his hand, is the copy of a pamphlet written in defence of Indian peculators by that eccentric genius, whoſe vile tranſlation of the immortal Homer would have diſgraced the pen of the moſt contemptible author, that ever proſtituted his venal muſe for hire. His eldeſt ſon bears a diſtinguiſhed rank

in

in the army, and his abilities in the ſenate have been diſplayed with great honour to himſelf in defence of his father's fortune and reputation. His ſecond ſon is a youth of high ſpirit and of an elegant addreſs. He has ſignalized himſelf in the gay world by his connexion with the lovely Cargillina, a beautiful actreſs from the Italian ſtage, who accompanied him even to a priſon, in which he was ſhut up for a few months previous to his embarkation for the Indies, where his father ſent him into involuntary exile, that he might forget the guilty joys which he had taſted in the embraces of that enchanting ſyren. The lady however has ſhewn an example of conſtancy ſeldom to be found in this degenerate age. She embarked in another ſhip in the diſguiſe of an officer's uniform, and is now happy in the arms of her beloved youth in India.

CAST

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CAST your eyes towards the next equipage which rolls along, and obſerve the toothleſs veteran, whoſe perpendicular and formal attitude excites the laughter of every beholder. Time, you ſee, has implanted its deep furrows on his ſallow cheeks, and yet he apes the vivacity and tricks of youth. Take notice with what horrid diſtortions of countenance he ogles each lovely nymph that paſſes him. At this moment he ſquints with peculiar obliquity of viſion; a beauteous girl of fifteen has returned his bow, and the ſmile of contempt and ridicule, which overſpreads her angelic face, the vain-glorious dotard has miſtaken for the moſt partial ſignal of applauſe. The life of this gentleman has been one continued ſcene of extravagance, folly, and debauchery. Oſtentatiouſly prodigal without generoſity, and deſpicably mean without frugality, he has diſſipated the noble inheritance of his anceſtors in the gratification of thoſe appetites, which level man to the ſtandard of the brute creation. Conſiſtent only in one purſuit, and capitally verſed in the arts of ſeduction, he has debauched more chambermaids,

bermaids, and reduced more virgins of the *ſervile tribe* to the ſad neceſſity of proſtitution in the ſtreets, than there are ladies in the ſeraglio of an Eaſtern monarch. At the age of twenty-one he came into the poſſeſſion of a princely fortune. His eſtates in thoſe iſlands which are ſituate beyond the Atlantic ocean, were very conſiderable; and his ſeat near that city, whoſe baths are the reſort of the infirm, the hypochondriacal, and the gay, was viſited by the curious traveller as the moſt finiſhed production of art and nature, which this iſland boaſts of. His lady was one of the prettieſt women of Libertuſia, her perſon was graceful in the extreme, her underſtanding uncommonly refined, and her conduct throughout life irreproachable. Yet could not theſe accompliſhments engage the heart of her inconſtant huſband, or inſpire him with ſentiments of eſteem and gratitude. His behaviour at laſt turned her brain, and ſhe is now in a private mad-houſe, a martyr to diſappointed love, and a living monument of the cruelty of her perfidious lord. Nor have his adventures in public life been attended with leſs diſhonour, than while he moved in a more humble ſphere. His ſhameful ſurrender of the iſland of St. V*******

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V******* to an inferior force ſtands foremoſt in the records of thoſe acts of neglect and cowardice, that have tarniſhed the glory of the Libertuſian arms in the late unhappy war. A proper attention to his own concerns, while that lucrative government was in hands, might have retrieved his ruined fortunes, and had he poſſeſſed one ſpark of courage, a gallant defence of that iſland, which was entruſted to his charge, would have preſerved his fame unſullied, and have enſured the future favours of his ſovereign. But he had no leiſure for the important duties of his ſtation. He carried his paſſion for intrigue to ſuch a height, that he conſidered every moment waſted, which was not devoted to the ſeduction of ſome believing female. Even the officers of ſtate found no acceſs to him except through the favour of his reigning miſtreſs; and the uncultivated lands were given as penſions to his diſcarded proſtitutes, and by them ſold at exorbitant prices to the higheſt bidder.

However great as the expence of theſe amours muſt have been, he could not have been completely ruined, had he not called in the aid of every other vice, which can either debaſe the mind or injure the conſtitution.

He

He has laviſhed immenſe ſums at every game of chance or ſkill, where he has been much oftner the dupe of his own vanity and conceit, than of the deſigns of others. The rage of electioneering too has had its turn, and for the unfair methods, by which he attempted to enſure his ſeat, he has *on his knees* implored the forgiveneſs of the inſulted ſenate. But the hour of repentance is now at hand; his evil deſtiny preſſes hard upon him, and he has fallen never to riſe again. Even the carriage in which he rides is not his own, and the fell blood-hounds of the law will ſoon arreſt his perſon, and drag him to a priſon, where he will ſtill purſue thoſe pleaſures which he has loſt the power to enjoy, and will harraſs the miniſters of his offended ſovereign with pompous details of imaginary claims, and unrewarded ſervices.*

THE

* The following Epitaph, which is tranſcribed from a Tombſtone in a Country Church-yard, is inſerted not as a Specimen of poetic Merit, but as being peculiarly applicable to the above Character.

Beneath this turf doth reſt from worldly pain
Hirco the lewd, the pompous, and the vain.
In wit a child, in gallantry an ape,
A dupe to ev'ry thing in female ſhape.
Each day ſome wretched virgin's murder'd fame
Proclaim'd his triumph, and announc'd his ſhame.

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THE ſuperb coach which next follows contains the unworthy heir of the eſtate and honours of that accompliſhed nobleman, whoſe ſacrifices at the altar of the graces, and whoſe ſhining abilities both as a ſtateſman and a ſcholar will be remembered in this iſland, while either literary merit or poliſhed elegance of manners ſhall command eſteem. But with the titles of his truly noble anceſtor he has inherited not his virtues. An unfortunate want of native genius, a paſſion for play, and a ſtrong attachment to the pleaſures of the bottle are the ſtriking traits in his Lordſhip's character. Againſt the former of theſe vices the prudent will of the deceaſed Count has moſt wiſely provided; but a confirmed habit of drunkenneſs is a diſeaſe, which death alone can remedy. Great were the expectations of the world, when this nobleman firſt appeared on the gay theatre of life. No common talents were aſcribed to the ſucceſſor of the learned, the witty, and the elegant Count de **********, and the happy union of the gentleman and the ſcholar of courſe muſt have belonged to him alone. How far the hopes

At length forgetting what he once had been,
A jail his palace, and a ſlave his queen,
To ghaſtly luſt and impotence a prey,
He call'd for viper broth, and ſigh'd his ſoul away.

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hopes of his friends were fruſtrated, the event has ſhewn. His abilities in the ſenate have gained him no applauſe, and his firſt eſſay in the paths of military glory has proved him equally unqualified for the field. The example of his noble relation indeed urged him for a while to wear the livery of Mars; but he dreaded the fatigues of a foreign campaign, or perhaps could not divorce himſelf from the embraces of his lovely Counteſs. The unhappy errors of his education are the grand ſource from which theſe evils have been derived, and a tutor notorious for the practice of every vice, which could diſgrace his profeſſion or corrupt his pupil, was ill calculated to inſtil the principles of moral rectitude into a youthful mind. "But O thou "ſpirit of the departed **********, I "impute not to thee theſe errors. That "perſon, whom thou madeſt the guardian "of thy beloved heir, poſſeſſed every alluring "art, which could either miſlead the under-"ſtanding or enſnare the heart. The magic "of his ſyren tongue might have deceived "even the crafty miniſters of our infernal "empire, and little didſt thou ſuſpect that "under ſuch engaging ſoftneſs of manners

" the blackeſt perfidy was concealed. But he " has atoned by a cruel death for all his " crimes, and if ſpirits could feel for human " woe, ſurely thy gentle ſhade would pay " the involuntary tribute of a tear to the " memory of that man, who once poſſeſſed ſo " large a portion of thy eſteem."

It is ſuppoſed that his Lordſhip is on the point of ſetting out in a public character to a neighbouring kingdom. The preſent ſtate of his finances moſt certainly requires a lucrative appointment, but his ſudden reſtoration to the good graces of his ſovereign is a matter of univerſal wonder. The ſcenes of debauchery, into which he has led the Libertuſian Prince, baniſhed him for a while from the royal preſence, and his want of acquired knowledge and of native dignity muſt render him very unfit to be the repreſentative of his king at the proudeſt court in Europe. But ſovereigns are not always indulged in the choice of their own ſervants; and in this iſland, where confuſion muſt ever be inſeparable from the divided form of government, thoſe perſons, whoſe offices place them neareſt to the throne, are often the fartheſt from their maſter's favour.

URGANDO.

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URGANDO.

WHAT ſtrange phenomenon is that which now attracts the attention of the Circus? Surely it is an Amazonian charioteer, who ſeems determined to vie with the moſt expert drivers of the other ſex, and bids fair to wreſt the Olympic palm from every male competitor. Have the fair ladies of this luxurious iſland loſt every ſenſe of decency, or have they forgotten that female excellence conſiſts not in athletic ſports, but in meek-eyed modeſty, and that beauty never puts on a more engaging form, than when tremblingly alive to every ſofter feeling of delicacy?

URIEL.

THAT lady is of high quality, and was once ranked among the moſt celebrated toaſts of Libertuſia. But the immoderate uſe of coſmetics has deſtroyed her charms, and that countenance, which in former years might have vied with the native beauties of the Paphian goddeſs, is now diſguſtful in the extreme, and carries with it more real horrors

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than Medusa's head. It is said that the fashionable stucco, with which the palaces of this metropolis are adorned, took its rise from this lady's toilet, and that the first specimens of modern incrustation were exhibited on her lovely face. An affectation of singularity has been her peculiar foible, and she has ever pursued her favourite system in defiance of the pointed shafts of ridicule and the voice of scandal. Her virtue indeed she has preserved unsullied, but her eccentric turn has cast a shade over her good qualities, and afforded but too much room for censure to an ill-natured world. It is not enough for a woman to be merely virtuous; she must carefully avoid even the least appearance of vice, or she will find too late that shadows are often as destructive to female honour, as the most full conviction of repeated guilt. Her daughters, though at the age of maturity, are close prisoners in the nursery, lest their youthful beauty should command that homage, which her Ladyship in vain expects shall be bestowed upon her faded charms.

Observe how expert she is in the management of her reins, and with what consummate skill she handles her whip. She has just

juſt paſſed the chariot of the Libertuſian Prince, who has honoured her with a moſt gracious bow, and has not a little contributed to encreaſe that vanity, which before was but too conſpicuous.

URGANDO;

URGANDO.

IS that graceful youth the heir apparent of the empire, and the happy raviſher of every female heart about his father's court? The utmoſt good humour is expreſſed in his open countenance, and there is a native dignity in his air, which beſpeaks the conſcious pride of royalty. But who is the faithful companion ſeated by him, whoſe inſtructive eloquence he ſeems to regard with that attention, which the favoured pupil pays to an indulgent tutor?

URIEL.

THAT gentleman is the moſt conſummate politician of the preſent age, and the completeſt orator of the Libertuſian ſenate. Bred up in the buſy ſcenes of public life, he has imbibed from his cradle a perfect knowledge of the arts of government, and has with the greateſt ſucceſs diſplayed the powers of eloquence over the human mind. The intereſts of his own country, and thoſe of foreign nations are equally known to him. To the latter he has been a *formidable miniſter*;

to

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to the former a ſteady friend. He has long been the only bar to the aſpiring views of that powerful faction, whoſe aim is ariſtocracy, and he may with the ſtricteſt juſtice be ſtiled the glorious bulwark of the people's liberty. But he enjoys not the favour of his ſovereign. The court is at this moment diſtracted by contending parties, and this gentleman has been obliged to reſign his high employments to thoſe men, *whoſe only merit* is that they poſſeſs the confidence of their king. It is a melancholy truth, that monarchs are often leſs enlightened than the meaneſt of their ſubjects, and they are rarely able to diſtinguiſh between the falſe luſtre of affected patriotiſm, and real worth.

The attachment of the heir apparent to this gentleman reflects the higheſt honour on the underſtanding of the Prince. When that awful period ſhall arrive, which ſhall number his royal parent with the dead, this able ſtateſman ſhall then preſide over the helm of government, and his faithful ſervices to a *grateful* ſovereign ſhall raiſe him to the moſt exalted dignities of the Libertuſian empire.

OBSERVE.

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OBSERVE the moroſe figure, that occupies a ſolitary corner of yonder coach. From the pompous gravity that is ſeated on his brow you would imagine that the whole weight of this mighty kingdom reſted on him alone. He is preſident of that department of the law, which is ſtiled the ſupreme court of equity, and from whoſe ſolemn deciſions there is no appeal, except to the grandees of the empire. The origin of this haughty Lord is mean, and his parts are far from brilliant; perſeverance has ſupplied the want of native genius, and he is indebted to fortune for that rapid advancement to wealth and honours, which the fickle goddeſs ſeldom beſtows upon intrinſic merit.

His father, whoſe income from the church was very moderate, and who was burthened with a numerous family, gave the young gentleman a good claſſical education, and ſent him at an early period to the univerſity with a ſtipend barely adequate to the common neceſſaries of life, and enriched his paternal bleſſing with a variety of ſage inſtructions, which he aſſured him were far more valuable than gold.

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gold. The untoward ſon however ſoon forgot his father's precepts, and launched into every ſpecies of diſſipation and low debauchery, that could involve his circumſtances and degrade his character. His academical exerciſes were neglected, the rigid laws of the college were infringed, and his time was divided between the pleaſures of the bottle, and the ſociety of common proſtitutes. His tutors in vain remonſtrated, and equally fruitleſs were the reproaches of the afflicted parent, who drew a melancholy preſage of the impending ruin of his ſon, when an accident of a moſt curious nature relieved the youth from his embarraſſments, and gave a new turn to his affairs. The little care which he obſerved in the proſecution of his amours had more than once involved him in the moſt ridiculous perplexities, and his friends trembled leſt a diſgraceful expulſion from the univerſity ſhould be the unhappy conſequence of his imprudence. But college was not the only ſcene of his intrigues. Even his father's roof had not been ſacred from his attempts, and the pregnancy of a favourite houſe-maid was now ready to betray his guilty pleaſures to the world. In this dilemma he adopted the only

ſcheme

ſcheme which his ingenuity could point out to effect a reconciliation with his father, and enſure a decent proviſion for the girl. He cauſed it to be hinted to the old gentleman, that ſhe had declared him to be the father of the unborn infant, and that his utmoſt caution was neceſſary to prevent a diſcovery, which muſt terminate in diſgrace and ruin. Terrified at theſe menaces, and in the utmoſt diſtraction of mind, he unboſomed himſelf to his ſon, and with tears of ſorrow implored his aſſiſtance to extricate him from this fatal accident. With the moſt ſolemn proteſtations he declared his abhorrence of the crime, and appealed to that all-merciful Being, who judges the hearts of men; but he well knew how little his grey hairs, his ſacred function, and tried integrity of manners would avail him before an earthly judge, and he dreaded the keen reproaches of an unfeeling world, and the indelible ſtigma of public infamy. The youth, who had already made a ſurpriſing progreſs in the art of diſſimulation, with the utmoſt compoſure of countenance heard his father's ſtory, execrated the vile ſtrumpet and the unknown partner of her guilt, and at laſt propoſed to ſacrifice his own unſullied fame to

preſerve

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preſerve the dearer honour of his reſpected parent. This generous propoſal was with joy accepted, the vile creature and the living monument of her ſhame were ſecretly provided for, and the happy parent embraced this *uncommon pattern of filial duty* with tears of unfeigned gratitude and affection. The event was fortunate to the youth, whoſe debts were immediately paid at college, his allowance increaſed to double the ſum, and he now poſſeſſed the moſt unbounded influence over his indulgent father.

After the uſual term of probation he took his degrees at the univerſity, and bidding adieu to a college life, he reſided in chambers in one of the moſt celebrated inns of court in the metropolis. Here he ſometimes applied himſelf to ſerious ſtudy, and made ſome progreſs in the knowledge of the law. But he much oftener devoted his hours to his bottle friends, or whiſpered ſweet tales of love into the ears of ſome believing laundreſs. No man ever poſſeſſed a more amorous conſtitution, and none was ever leſs calculated by nature to inſpire the tender paſſion. His forbidding countenance is a true emblem of his ungentle heart, and even in the ſofter moments of dal-

liance his native ferocity is predominant. But he was born in an auſpicious hour, and his good genius has ſurmounted every obſtacle, and has raiſed him by rapid ſtrides to his preſent elevated ſituation. In the midſt of his proſperity he has not been totally unmindful of his relations. His intereſt has advanced one brother to the high honours of an epiſcopal ſee, and he has conferred trifling favours on the more diſtant branches of his family. One other brother, who had amaſſed an inconſiderable ſum by commerce in a town famous for its manufactures, aſpired to a ſeat in the Libertuſian ſenate, and actually ſquandered the greateſt part of his fortune in the attempt. His Lordſhip's letter of condolence on this occaſion is recorded as a maſterly ſtroke of laconic elegance and fraternal affection. *

For ſome years paſt however his amours have been greatly circumſcribed. A bar maid at a noted coffee-houſe near the inns of court had the addreſs to fix this wandering ſtar, and he has been tolerably conſtant to her arms. The charms of her converſation muſt have enſnared

* Brother,

You are a fool; you have loſt your election, and I am glad of it.

Yours, *******

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enſnared his heart, for her perſonal accomplishments are few indeed. However ſhe has proved a faithful miſtreſs to him, and has preſented him with ſeveral children. He now reſides in a ſmall villa about a league diſtant from the metropolis, where he privately viſits her, and in her embraces forgets the important concerns of government and the cares of law.

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BUT not even the higheſt ſtations are exempt from folly, nor is vice leſs frequently found in the imperial palace, than in the humble cottage. Mark that ſuperb equipage, which raiſes ſuch clouds of duſt, and obſerve the profound homage which the *royal liveries of the attendants* extort from the gazing multitude. In that coach the haughtieſt woman in Libertuſia diſplays her own vanity and her huſband's folly. Not many years ago ſhe was the widow of an officer, and little hopes did her *perſonal charms* afford her of a ſecond marriage, when chance threw the Prince Henrico in her way. She had the addreſs to engage his affections, and to draw from him a *half-extorted* promiſe of matrimony. The ingenuity of an artful woman can only be excelled by the moſt crafty miniſters of our infernal empire. *The honour of her family* was now at ſtake, *the tender feelings of a believing widow* were not to be trifled with, and the unfortunate Prince was entangled in thoſe bonds, which death only can diſſolve. Her wiſhes were now fulfilled; her pride was gratified, and ſhe triumphed in all the *mockery* of royal ſtate. But ſhe was never received at court, and

and the ſenate moſt wiſely enacted a law, by which the Princes of the blood in future are prevented from forming ſuch alliances, as are diſgraceful to their exalted rank, and injurious to the intereſts of their country.

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URGANDO.

BUT what goddeſs do I now behold in a cabriolet drawn by milk white ponies, and decorated with feſtoons of flowers? Is it the Queen of beauty who has deſcended from the celeſtial regions to viſit this favoured iſland, or do the lovely daughters of Libertuſia boaſt more exquiſite charms, than the immortal virgins of Paradiſe?

URIEL.

THAT Lady is the frail Maria, whoſe form is indeed lovely to the view, but all within, like the painted ſepulchres that encloſe the dead, is the fouleſt emblem of mortality. She is the Flora of the preſent day, and in her mercenary arms the infatuated youths of Libertuſia conſume their vigour and their fortunes.

Her father, who was a merchant of ſome little conſequence in a ſea-port town, ſent her

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her at a very early period to a country boarding-school, where the firſt ſeeds of vice were imprinted on her infant mind. She was taught to diſplay her beauties in the wanton mazes of the ſprightly dance, to convey her moſt ſecret thoughts by the expreſſive language of the eyes, and to conſider ſymmetry of perſon and a graceful attitude as the perfection of female excellence. Romances, novels, and viſionary tales of love were her favourite ſtudy, and the looſer entertainments of the theatre conſpired to baniſh each chaſte idea from her breaſt. Her lovers, as ſhe advanced in years, were numerous, and the *gentleman*, whom ſhe condeſcended to honour with her hand, ſucceeded by the diſingenuous artifice of boaſting a fortune, which had no exiſtence but in his own invention. But their happineſs was of ſhort duration. Indifference is the certain conſequence of ſatiety, and his extravagance plunged them both into a priſon,

ſon, where they languiſhed under the moſt complicated diſtreſs, nor were releaſed till the humane interference of the legiſlature reſtored to liberty thoſe unfortunate wretches, whom a barbarous cuſtom had doomed to be the victims of legal perſecution.

Numberleſs are the gallants who claim the ſuperior merit of having ſeduced Maria; it is however of little moment, who was the happy man. It is ſufficient, that the town acquired ſo valuable a prize, and it is certain that ſhe has eclipſed every modern Thais that this gay metropolis has boaſted, ſince the celebrated Eleanora captivated the voluptuous monarch of Libertuſia in the preceding century. Like Thais too ſhe has had a rapid ſucceſſion of admirers, her unbounded avarice having ever proved an efficacious remedy for that paſſion which her beauty had inſpired. A *pompous negotiator of the tribe of Levi* was formerly ſmit-

ten

ten with her charms, and laid himself and his treasures at her feet. A more egregious dupe than this conceited Israelite has seldom been entangled in the snares of an artful woman. The Gorgon's head was not more hideous than his countenance, and deformity marked him for her own. But he revelled in the delicious heaven of her arms, till he reluctantly gave way to a more wealthy rival, and in revenge he published her letters to the world. To ascertain the number of her admirers would be hardly a more arduous task than to reckon the sands on the Atlantic shores. The scandalous chronicles of the day have ascribed to her the honour of having first revealed the sacred mysteries of Venus to the Libertusian Prince. That he has toyed away a few idle hours with the fair Maria, is an undoubted fact; but his attachment was only the passion of the moment, and while he admired her angelic form, he detested her sordid principles, and

though

though he carreſſed her bewitching perſon, he deſpiſed the mercenary proſtitute.

Her theatrical talents were once admired, and the news papers condeſcended to ſooth her vanity by the moſt fulſome adulation. The public indeed were for a while amuſed, and the errors of the imperfect actreſs were overlooked, when they beheld the dazzling ſplendor of her charms. But the duties of the ſtage were too laborious for Maria, and her haughty ſpirit diſdained that humiliating attendance, which an imperious manager exacts from a ſervile crew.

But the manners of every woman of pleaſure are almoſt invariably the ſame. Gold is the only god they worſhip, and every ſofter feeling is abſorbed in the purſuit of gain. The character of Maria at one glance exhibits to view the whole mercenary tribe in miniature. She is not more ſuperior to them in perſonal accompliſhments, than in duplicity, fraud, and avarice. But ſhe will

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ſoon lament the diminiſhed luſtre of her charms. She verges towards the decline of beauty, and even Maria muſt in her turn give way to ſome more attractive fair one.

—— It too frequently happens that the power of an experienced courtezan over a mind vitiated by debauchery is far ſuperior to the influence of a virtuous wife. But the obſtinacy of parents is too often the ſource of matrimonial unhappineſs. Under the roof of the humble cottager conjugal felicity may ſometimes be found, but the great and affluent diſdain to conſult the heart.

OBSERVE that nobleman in the ſea-green phaeton, and the well-dreſſed lady by his ſide. He has for ſome years paſt been ſeparated from his Counteſs, and the elegant Farrinella, one of the brighteſt ornaments of the Libertuſian theatre, enjoys full poſſeſſion of his Lordſhip's heart. She declares that the groſſer endearments of ſenſual love interfere not with their Pla onic ſyſtem, and that ſhe admires not the attractions of his perſon, but the beauties of his *angelic mind.*

His

His Lordſhip has from his earlieſt infancy been remarkable for extravagance, vanity, and oſtentation. He has ſubmitted to be robbed by ſharpers, that a paragraph in the public papers might pompouſly announce his loſſes to the world, and though by birth an hereditary counſellor to the crown, he has attached himſelf to the democratic party for the attainment of popular applauſe. In the ſenate he is noiſy, arrogant, and tedious in his harangues. He miſtakes declamation for oratory, and ſophiſtry for ſterling wit. On his marriage with the ſiſter of an illuſtrious grandee he gave a rural *fête* to the nobility, which would have done honour to a royal wedding. But the God of Hymen did not preſide on that inauſpicious day; unhallowed dæmons kindled the nuptial torch, and the bride reluctant ſurrendered her lovely perſon to his arms. Cupid however puniſhed her contempt of his almighty power. A grandee, famous for his ſkill in *gymnaſtic*

exercises, inspired her with the tender passion, and groves, meadows, and sequestered bowers were conscious of their guilty loves. But they did not long escape unseen by the prying eye of jealousy. A domestic employed to watch them surprised them in an unguarded moment, and his Lordship banished the inconstant fair one from his bed. He did not however remain disconsolate. He courted the smiles of venal beauty, and for once displayed a shadow of taste in his amours. He formed a transitory connexion with a lady, who possessed indeed neither youth nor beauty, but a mind uncommonly cultivated, and a dignity of sentiment far beyond her station. But her genius was too refined for him, and her brilliant ideas soared infinitely above his reach. Piqued at the superior lustre of her wit, he left her in disgust, and attached himself to the lovely Farrinella. Here he has found his wishes gratified in their full extent. The Paphian goddess is

not

not more lovely to the view, nor is her ſtatue more inanimate. His Lordſhip is certainly happy in his choice. He can ſecurely enjoy his *pun*, and not tremble under the ſeverer ſting of female repartee.

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URGANDO.

INFORM me who next advances in that gilded chariot? The liveries of the ſervants are richly laced, and the *tout enſemble* is at once emblematic of opulence and of awkward pride. But there is a native vulgarity in the owner's manner, which not all his aſſumed conſequence can effectually conceal.

URIEL.

THAT *gentleman* is the degraded ******** a traitor to his king and country, and a diſgrace to that army in which he ſo lately bore a diſtinguiſhed rank. He is the ſon of a common peaſant in a neighbouring iſland, and was originally a private ſoldier. His perſonal bravery procured him a commiſſion, and he roſe to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the courſe of that unhappy war, in which Libertuſia for ever loſt the empire of the world. When the perfidy of that Republic,

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Republic, (whoſe induſtrious ſons have extended the arts of commerce throughout the remoteſt regions of the habitable globe) violated the faith of treaties, and trampled on the ſacred rights of nations, he was appointed to the government of a conquered iſland, which had long been a place of refuge to the enemies of Libertuſia, and was the great emporium of the weſtern world. But the Colonel could not withſtand the temptation of Terpſichorian gold. The iſland was invaded, and was ſurrendered without a ſtroke. An inconſiderable detachment landed, and the garriſon were only appriſed of their captivity by their ſucceſsful conquerors. A court martial enquired into the merits of the tranſaction, and the Colonel was ſtripped of his military honours and branded with eternal infamy. Under a leſs gentle government he would have experienced a ſeverer fate, but in this country the unfortunate wretch, whom the agonizing pangs of hunger have compelled to ſteal a ſingle ducat,

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atones for his crime by an ignominious death upon a gibbet, while the betrayer of his injured country is only punished by the loss of that reputation, which he has bartered for foreign gold.

His lady, whose clumsy finery forms an exact portrait of a tragic empress in a barn, in her youthful days sold oysters in a country town. But her aspiring soul disdained to languish in obscurity, and even while she carried her husband's knapsack in the field, she displayed a resolution superior to her strength and sex. When the murdering cannon mowed down whole ranks of devoted victims, she was ever undaunted in the rear, where she industriously performed the duties of her office, and stripped the dying and the dead of those superfluous ornaments, which they no longer wanted. But when the Colonel returned to Europe, she forgot her own native poverty and her humble origin. Enraged at being out-bidden at a public sale by the wife of a celebrated gardener,

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dener, who had purchaſed at an immoderate price an elegant lot of china, ſhe inſulted her ſucceſsful rival in the moſt outrageous terms, and aſtoniſhed the company by her profound knowledge of that language, in which the nymphs of the Libertuſian markets aſſail thoſe imprudent perſons, who are ſo hardy as to deſpiſe their fiſh. She wondered, that a wretch who had ſo lately ſtarted from the *dregs of earth* ſhould preſume to vie with her, and reminded her of the wide diſtinction between the paltry retailer of a cabbage, and the lady of a Libertuſian Colonel. Nothing leſs than the modeſt rebuke * which ſhe received could have abaſhed this accompliſhed Virago, and have reſtored the room to its tranquility.

Although the Colonel's firſt advancement

* It is true, madam, that I am a gardener's wife, but the retailing of cabbages is a leſs ignominious traffic than the ſale of iſlands,

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ment in life was owing to his bravery, yet his martial ardour did not increaſe with his promotion. In that fatal action, when the Libertuſian army in vain reſiſted the ſuperior numbers of the rebellious foe, his regiment was conſpicuouſly engaged. But the Colonel was not preſent at the battle; the *gout* confined him an *involuntary* priſoner to his tent, and the command of his company was given to a younger officer, who with the moſt dauntleſs intrepidity led on his *light-armed infantry* to the ſcene of action, and was one of thoſe illuſtrious few, who covered with wounds ſurvived the ſlaughter of that memorable day. But from that moment he experienced in the Colonel an inveterate and unforgiving enemy. Stung with the remembrance of his own miſconduct, and envious of the laurels with which that heroic officer was crowned, the wretch cheriſhed an implacable reſentment, nor was his vindictive ſpirit ſatisfied, till the unfortunate youth fell a ſacrifice to his infernal arts.

BUT

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BUT not only inconſiderable iſlands have been diſmembered from the Libertuſian empire through the neglect, perfidy, and cowardice of her commanders. Behold yon ſuperb *voiture*, which follows the carriage of the degraded Colonel. The owner of that equipage was inveſted with the ſupreme military command in the Weſtern world, and to him was aſſigned the glorious taſk of chaſtiſing rebellion, and reſtoring peace to the far greater part of the terreſtrial globe. But the General forgot the duties of his ſtation, nor did he ſuffer the ruder fatigues of war to interfere with the purſuits of gallantry. A lady born on the delightful plains of Georgia had enſnared his heart in the ſilken toils of love, and in her enchanting embraces his hours imperceptibly ſtole away. Her huſband, who had formerly been an officer, was provided for by a lucrative appointment, and the only road either

to

to preferment or to profit was through the intereſt of this favourite ſultana.

Nor were the inferior officers leſs voluptuous. They conſidered it a compliment due to their commander to follow his bright example; and plays, aſſemblies, and every other ſpecies of elegant diſſipation took up their time. The rage of gaming too ſpread like a contagion throughout the camp; and the die, which compleated the ruin of the needy ſubaltern, often involved his colonel in the ſame deſtruction. Meanwhile the rebels did not remain inactive. They aſſerted their *independence* with redoubled vigour, and the capture of a conſiderable detachment under an *experienced but ill-fated general* inſpired the Libertuſian troops with terror and diſmay, and ſeemed prophetic of the riſing glories of their triumphant foe. The General was now recalled to Europe, and his departure was ſolemnized by a *fête*, which would have reflected the higheſt honour

nour on a victorious commander, but was in the preſent inſtance the ſevereſt ſatire, that human ingenuity could invent. The troops glittering in all the pomp of war marched through triumphal arches; galleys adorned with feſtoons of flowers, and waving their purple ſtreamers in the winds, covered the ſurface of the river; and knights fantaſtically dreſt revived the encounters of ancient chivalry, and maintained the ſuperior beauty of their reſpective dulcineas. In the evening the heavens blazed with artificial fires, and a magnificent banquet cloſed the entertainment.

Such were the honours which the officers of the Libertuſian army conferred on that General, to whom this iſland is indebted for the loſs of her moſt valuable provinces in the Weſtern world.

URGANDO.

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URGANDO.

WHO is that tall, emaciated figure in the coach with the green and ſcarlet liveries? He reſembles a ſpectre riſen from the grave, and I ſuppoſe comes here to repair his ſhattered conſtitution by air and exerciſe.

URIEL.

THAT nobleman is the haughty and penurious Lord Avario. Under a former adminiſtration he enjoyed the honourable and lucrative appointment of Commander in Chief of the Libertuſian forces, and he poſſeſſed the confidence of his Sovereign in almoſt as great a degree, as he did the contempt and hatred of the army. The perſon, who is ſeated oppoſite to him, and whoſe groſs and bloated careaſe forms an admirable contraſt to the meagre body of his maſter, was his Lordſhip's favoured ſecretary, and was an accurate copy of the pride, inſolence, and peeviſh humours of his patron. No officer under the rank of Colonel

Colonel was deemed worthy the honour of an interview with Avario. Subalterns, after waiting whole tedious hours in an anti-chamber, were ſometimes favoured with an audience by the repreſentative of his Lordſhip, and were treated with the ſame contemptuous arrogance, which the moſt abject ſlave experiences from a Turkiſh deſpot. Servility and a well-timed bribe were the only roads to the good graces of this petty tyrant. The former of theſe the indignant ſpirit of a ſoldier ſpurned at, and the latter was ſeldom within the reach of thoſe ſons of war, whoſe only reward is honour, *and who ſeek the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth.*

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THE morning is uncommonly fine, and the crowd of equipages more than uſually great. You here at one glance behold the world in epitome, and the gay, the ſplenetic, the vigorous, and the drooping invalid paſs in review before you.

THAT gentleman, whom the next chariot contains, and who at this moment ſeems pregnant with ſome important buſineſs, was once the moſt popular ſpeaker in the Libertuſian ſenate. His words, like the oracles of the Delphic god, were deemed the vehicles of ſacred truth, and when he ſported in the flowery mazes of rhetoric, the admiring audience liſtened with attentive ſilence, and every ruder breath was huſhed. But ſuddenly a rage for reformation ſeized him, and the palace was the firſt object of his enquiry. To retrench the expences of the royal houſehold he judged a matter of parliamentary concern, and big with this important

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portant event, he teized the ſenate with imaginary ſyſtems of œconomy, till he dwindled into a mere *clerk of the kitchen*, and loſt all his full-blown honours in the pantry of his ſovereign.

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BUT I ſee your notice is attracted by a carriage drawn by a ſingle horſe, and ſuſpended by a moſt tottering balance between earth and heaven. That curious machine is called a gig, and the owner of it is the once brilliant Carlos, who diſſipated an immenſe eſtate in a ſhorter time and with leſs credit to himſelf, than even the moſt extravagant of his gay competitors. He is of the Equeſtrian order, and derives his ſeat in the Libertuſian ſenate from the generous inhabitants of an ancient city on the Weſtern coaſt. Formerly when he honoured the Circus with his viſits, his equipage was ſuperb, his attendants numerous, and his horſes were of the Perſian breed; but the moſt unbounded prodigality has now reduced him to an humble gig, and his lady, ſo lately the proudeſt of the Libertuſian fair, has experienced this fatal truth, that

Few

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Few to the ſetting ſun their homage pay,
Like Perſians who adore it in the Eaſt,
But ne'er ſalute it verging to the Weſt,
Unthankful for the gifts of the preceding day.

Lady ********* was the daughter of a gentleman in very moderate circumſtances, and was for ſeveral years a female fortune-hunter. At watering places, race-courſes, and at country balls ſhe diſplayed her charms, and ſo ſkilled was ſhe in the coſmetic art that ſhe varied her beauties with the ſeaſons, and never appeared two ſucceſſive ſummers with the ſame complexion. She is conſiderably older than the Chevalier, who ſwallowed the pill of matrimony by compulſion and not by choice. He had often danced in public with the lady, and had ſometimes whiſpered into her ear thoſe agreeable tales of love, which every well-bred man offers as a tribute due to female vanity. But theſe lively effuſions, ſo inſeparable from a youth of ſpirit, ſhe conſidered in

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another view. He had ſeduced her *virgin heart*, and the ſtern honour of an ancient family called aloud for ſatisfaction. A near relation of the young lady immediately waited on the Chevalier, and propoſed the nuptial ceremony or the ſword. The former appeared the leſs dreadful evil, and the youth was led an unwilling ſacrifice to the altar. From ſuch a compulſive union little happineſs could be expected. They followed their ſeparate ſchemes of pleaſure, till dreſs, equipage, and the all-deſtructive die had involved them in inextricable ruin. Even her chair has been ſeized by an unfeeling creditor in the ſtreet, and the jeweller, to whom the diſtreſſed Chevalier once offered her ear-rings for ſale, to his no ſmall aſtoniſhment informed him that her ladyſhip had previouſly employed him on the ſame occaſion, and that the real diamonds had long ſince given place to fictitious ſtones.

A ſmall

A ſmall annuity and one humble gig are now the ſad remains of his once ſplendid fortunes. Jews, uſurers, and ſucceſsful gamblers poſſeſs the reſt; and thoſe treaſures, which the avaricious father amaſſed by years of care and trouble, were diſſipated by his unthinking ſon in little more than a ſingle twelvemonth.

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URGANDO.

UNFORTUNATE and miſtaken youth! though perhaps leſs miſerable in the loſs of riches, than in the full enjoyment of thoſe pleaſures which cannot be purchaſed except at the expence of ruin.

But what nobleman at this inſtant paſſes the Chevalier? Surely his head muſt be giddy from the prepoſterous height of his machine, and his neck is in no little danger of being broken from his unſkilful management of the reins. I obſerve his companion has a green bandage over his eyes, unwilling I ſuppoſe to behold the horrors of ſo dangerous a ſituation.

URIEL.

THAT adventurous charioteer is the gay, the faſhionable Baron Caſtalio, than whom a more finiſhed gentleman does not grace the Libertuſian Court. He is the youngeſt

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youngeſt of four accompliſhed brothers, but the family honours and eſtate belong to him alone, the nuptial ceremony having rendered his mother *an boneſt woman*, when ſhe was on the point of bringing this youth into the world. Here however the rights of nature were ſubverted, and priority of birth was to his elder brothers an unavailing plea. By the inhuman policy of the Libertuſian law deprived of their paternal inheritance, and branded by an unfeeling world with the degrading title of baſtards, they fled for protection to the hoſpitable ſhores of India, and left their infatuated father to devote his whole attention to his youngeſt and moſt favoured ſon. Nor did that ſon, as he advanced in years, diſappoint his fond parent's hopes. He ſoon became a proficient in ſcholaſtic exerciſes, and ſtudied every polite accompliſhment with the moſt rapid ſucceſs. But perfection is not the lot of mortality, and an invincible rage for play has thrown a ſhade over the virtues of Caſ-

talio.

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talio. This luxurious city is infeſted by a needy ſet of adventurers, who annually emigrate from a neighbouring iſland, and aſſume every falſe appearance, that can deceive the credulous and unwary. They artfully inſinuate themſelves into the ſociety of men of faſhion, talk loudly of their *unſullied honour*, and under the diſguiſe of martial ferocity they conceal their native cowardice. Of theſe *gentlemen* has the unſuſpecting Caſtalio been the prey, and among them, unleſs his guardian angel ſhall ſpeedily interfere, will he diſtribute his paternal acres and the liberal bequeſts of his indulgent uncle.

The gentleman with him, who is honoured with his moſt unreſerved friendſhip, is the unfortunate Count Venator. Fond of the pleaſures of the chace, he purſued his beloved ſport with a fatal eagerneſs, and by puſhing his jaded hunter beyond his ſtrength he exchanged in one luckleſs moment the graces

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graces of youth and beauty for blindneſs and deformity. But he has ſtill been ſucceſsful with the fair, and a young lady of rank and faſhion, lovely too as the blooming daughters of Paradiſe, has received him for her huſband. He may perhaps experience in her a faithful nurſe, and a ſuperior ſenſe of female honour may enſure her chaſtity; but ſhe exiſts a wretched though not involuntary martyr to female ambition and paternal avarice.

THAT

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That elegant *vis a vis*, which has this moment entered the Circus, contains the beautiful and inconſtant Laurentina. You ſee that well dreſſed youth, who rides by the ſide of her carriage, and whom ſhe regards with ſuch peculiar attention. From his appearance you would ſuppoſe him a man of faſhion, but he has no other claim to that title, than what he has derived from the bounty of his indulgent miſtreſs, who has raiſed him from the low ſtation of her footman to a temporary affluence, and has laviſhed thoſe ſums, which her illuſtrious lord had dearly earned in the fields of Mars, on her ignoble ſpark.

The father of Laurentina reſided in a celebrated ſea-port town on the weſtern coaſt of Libertuſia, where he kept a paltry tavern for the accommodation of common ſailors, and her mother was employed to waſh the linen of the family by a former lady of the gallant Nauticus. The perſonal charms of the little Laurentina recommended her to the notice of the houſe-keeper, and her obliging readineſs to execute trifling meſſages for the

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inferior ſervants procured her a fixed eſtabliſhment in the family. Her beauty increaſed as ſhe grew up, and ſhe had the addreſs to gain ſo powerful an aſcendency over her maſter's heart, that on the deceaſe of his wife he admitted her to a participation of his bed, and after an intercourſe of ſome months he publickly married her, and introduced her into the gayeſt circles of this metropolis.

For ſome time did the charming Laurentina continue a moſt exemplary pattern of conjugal fidelity, and Nauticus congratulated himſelf on the ſecure poſſeſſion of that felicity, which few huſbands in this degenerate age can boaſt. A little accident however ſuddenly waked him from this golden dream of happineſs, and afforded the moſt exquiſite entertainment to every polite aſſembly in Libertuſia. There is in this great metropolis, where every refinement on vice is practiſed, a variety of houſes peculiarly calculated to promote the intercourſe of the ſexes, and ſecured by the moſt attentive caution from the intruſion of vulgar eyes. In theſe temples ſacred to proſtitution the luxurious votaries of debauchery indulge themſelves in the unbounded gratification of every ſenſual appetite. Here the

huſband

husband satiated with domestic happiness often revels in the enjoyment of venal charms, while his lady equally inconstant consoles herself in the lusty arms of her gallant. A venerable priestess, whose fiercer passions the icy fingers of time have cooled, here officiates, and procures for the young and vigorous those amusements, which they purchase at the expence of health, fortune, and reputation. To one of these mansions, when the dark shades of night had encircled the guilty world, did the unfaithful Nauticus repair, to court the embraces of some mercenary beauty, and on a couch, the scene of former joys, to forget the chaste pleasures of the connubial bed. Alas! unfortunate night and inauspicious couch! Here did he find the well-known handkerchief of his beloved wife, which he had presented to her as a nuptial gift, and which he little thought would ever prove the unhappy witness of her infamy and his disgrace. Not louder was Othello's rage when he demanded the fatal handkerchief from the trembling Desdemona. The mansion resounded with his cries, and *revenge, strumpet, adultery, and divorce* re-echoed in unconnected sounds throughout the

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vaulted roofs. In vain did the affrighted prieſteſs fall proſtrate at his feet. He was deaf to the voice of reaſon, and ruſhing furiouſly into the ſtreet he flew like a madman to his own houſe, and preſenting the handkerchief to his aſtoniſhed wife reproached her with perfidy and ingratitude. The ſcene that enſued is beyond the power of words to paint. Laurentina fainted on the floor, and the enraged Nauticus leaving her to the care of the domeſtics retired to a neighbouring tavern, where he ſpent the remainder of the night with a ſelect party of his friends, and drank a deep oblivion to domeſtic care. Mean while the ſituation of Laurentina was far from enviable. She ſuffered all the complicated agonies of ſuſpenſe and fear; and ſhame, ruin, and public infamy ſtared her in the face. The following morning ſhe ſolicited an interview with her injured huſband, whoſe paſſion had now ſubſided, and who repented of thoſe violent proceedings, by which he had proclaimed his own diſhonour to the world. He ſtill wiſhed to recal the dear inconſtant to his arms; her tears and his own good nature pleaded powerfully in her behalf, and her ſolemn promiſes of future conſtancy

ſtancy were the price of forgiveneſs for the paſt offence. Thus was the unlucky affair made up, and both parties obſerved more caution in their intrigues for the time to come. The ſtory however was circulated throughout the town with the addition of every ludicrous circumſtance, that either wit or malice could ſuggeſt. Every bagnio in the metropolis was by turns the ſcene of action; and each adventurer, noted for his devotion to generous widows and to wanton wives, was ſuppoſed to be the happy man.

Laurentina was now forbidden the court, nor was ſhe ever after admitted to the royal preſence, till the deſtruction of the grand fleet of Iberia had crowned the ſucceſsful Nauticus with laurels, and the town by illuminations and by every other mark of public gratitude had ſolemnized this glorious victory. But her evil genius has ſtill prevailed, and has urged her on to ruin. The abſence of Nauticus, who commanded the fleets of his country in the weſtern world, left her at liberty to purſue her vicious inclinations, and ſhe took her full ſwing of pleaſure. Her intercourſe with a favourite ſervant has cloſed the ſcene, and ſhe is now diſcarded by her huſband, and

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expoſed to the contempt and ſcorn of thoſe, who, though they have been more careful of their reputation, perhaps in ſecret have not been leſs guilty than the unfortunate Laurentina. She ſtill preſerves the remains of beauty, and that engaging ſweetneſs of countenance, which formerly captivated the love-ſick Nauticus, has not yet loſt its charms. Her natural roſes have long been faded, but an artificial bloom has ſupplied their place, and while coſmetic lotions ſhall continue to give a borrowed complexion to the Libertuſian fair, ſo long ſhall the cheeks of Laurentina retain the tint of youth.

Urgande.

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URGANDO.

What young man is that, whoſe countenance is the picture of innocence itſelf, and whoſe dreſs and equipage combine to form ſo amiable a patern of native ſimplicity? He ſeems to regard all ſublunary objects with the utmoſt indifference, and to conſider the pomp and ſplendor of the fluttering crowd around him as unworthy the notice of the wiſe and good. His flowing hair beſpeaks him of ſome religious order, and his grave and modeſt deportment appears to be the happy reſult of conſcious virtue.

URIEL.

The name of that demure youth is Fanaticus, and he is a ſhocking compound of hypocriſy, cunning, vain glory, and deceit. He is deſcended from an ancient and honourable family, and but for the powerful intereſt of his illuſtrious houſe he would lately have ſuffered a ſhameful death upon a gibbet.

The influence of religious frenzy over the minds of men muſt ever operate in proportion to their want of knowledge, and a more headſtrong, ignorant, and abandoned race does

does not exiſt upon the terreſtrial globe, than that which inhabits this great metropolis. On the credulity of theſe wretches did Fanaticus lay the baſis of a ſcheme, which had well nigh ſhaken the tottering empire to its foundation: He foretold the downfal of their religion, painted the bloody judgments of the Papal See in all their terrors, and dreſſed up the imaginary object of their fears in its moſt hideous ſhape. His deep-laid ſtratagems had their deſired effect, and no ſooner had night thrown her ſable curtain over the earth, than the metropolis blazed in every quarter. The horrors of that fatal night are not eaſy to be deſcribed. The dæmon of ſedition ſtalked abroad, and the torches of an enthuſiaſtic mob involved the public buildings, and the houſes of each obnoxious ſenator in one general conflagration. Military force at laſt reſtored the town to its tranquility, and Fanaticus was arraigned at the grand tribunal of the empire. But the credit of an illuſtrious family was at ſtake, and the deluded tools of his ambition were the only ſacrifices, while the author of this tragic ſcene eſcaped unpuniſhed.

Such

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Such finiſhed hypocriſy in ſo young a man is ſeldom found. Under that exquiſite diſguiſe of meekneſs and humility pride, and the rage of blind enthuſiaſm lie concealed. The paſſion of luſt alſo by turns predominates, and an adventure, which all his caution was inſufficient to ſuppreſs, has induced the diſciples of this modern ſaint to believe, that his inclinations are ſometimes as vicious as their own. The beauty of his laundreſs lately attracted his notice, and the wanton caſt of her expreſſive eye induced him to believe that her virtue was not impregnable. One obſtacle only oppoſed his wiſhes; ſecreſy is not a female attribute, and he dreaded the laſh of ridicule, if detected. But the power of love is omnipotent, and he ventured at laſt in timid accents to diſcloſe his paſſion. His overtures were with joy received, and the hour of aſſignation fixed at the apartments of the laundreſs. The heart of Fanaticus beat high with expectation; at the appointed moment he rapped gently at her door, and was conducted into a gloomy chamber, where,

Like Tarquin ghaſtly with infernal luſt, he ſeized the fair object of his wiſhes, and taſted the delicious ſweetneſs of her lips. But before

fore he had time to proceed to further liberties, the door ſuddenly flew open, and the enraged huſband laying hands on the aſtoniſhed Fanaticus threatened on the ſpot to ſacrifice him to his injured honour. The unfortunate king of Troy, when in the dead of night the hoſtile flames ſurrounded him, was but a faint image of the diſmay which now overwhelmed Fanaticus. A cold ſweat bedewed his forehead, his knees forgot their office, and falling proſtrate on the ground he implored forgiveneſs and life. His requeſt was granted on the moderate terms of five hundred pieces of gold, for which his perſonal ſecurity was accepted till the day following; and he was permitted to retire from the ſcene of action, not a little mortified at an event ſo materially injurious to his purſe and character.

I ſee

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I ſee your eyes are turned towards a coach which has joined the throng, and contains the whimſical count Rinaldo and his charming wife. Singularity of dreſs and manners, ſtrong paſſions, and the love of wine are the characteriſtics of his lordſhip; and his beauteous counteſs is a moſt extraordinary inſtance of that happy flexibility, which nature has implanted in the female breaſt. She had two ſiſters as lovely as herſelf, the brighteſt ornaments of the kingdom which gave them birth. They were called the Graces, and were truly worthy of the title. One of them has already found the rewards of virtue in the bliſsful regions of immortality. The Counteſs was not intended for Rinaldo. His ſon, an elegant and accompliſhed youth, had long been ſmitten with her charms, and the arrangement of the nuptial dower alone retarded their mutual happineſs. At this period his mother died, and the diſconſolate Rinaldo refuſed to ſurvive his beloved wife. He gave himſelf up to the moſt unbounded grief, wept for whole nights together on her tomb, and

and displayed such evident signs of distraction, that his friends were seriously alarmed, and the physicians foretold the loss of reason and perhaps of life. But that ruling destiny, which presides over the affairs of men, had ordained it otherwise. The most violent sorrows are often the least dangerous in their consequences; and the severest whirlwinds are followed by the most perfect calms. A new passion suddenly dried up Rinaldo's tears, and the remembrance of the departed angel, whom the cold grave enshrined, was banished from his breast. The charms of the fair Amelia had inspired him with a guilty flame. The fatal poison rankled in his heart, and the enamoured count forgot what was due to paternal affection, to honour, and to the world's opinion. He made serious proposals to the lady, and became the profest rival of his son. Rank, equipage, and parade were temptations too dazzling for female vanity to withstand, and the inconstant Amelia sacrificed her youthful charms to uglineſs and age. Rinaldo had some months before displayed great personal bravery in a duel with the lord Bellario. The affair was yet talked of at court, and on the lovely bride being presented to the sove-

reign

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reign, he received the congratulations of his royal maſter accompanied with this ſarcaſtic remark, " that his lordſhip had given a ſtronger proof of his courage in marrying the fair Amelia, than in fighting the brave Bellario."

Her inconſtancy to a deſerving youth is certainly unpardonable; but I muſt ſtill do impartial juſtice to her virtue, and acknowledge that ſhe has proved an excellent wife to a jealous and diſcontented huſband. Conſcious of the ſuperior merit of his ſon, and ſtung with the reflection of his own unnatural behaviour, he is for ever unhappy in himſelf, and fatal experience has convinced the counteſs, that wealth, titles, and ſplendor are often too dearly purchaſed at the expence of internal quiet.

URGANDO.

The conduct of Rinaldo is a moſt ſtriking inſtance of the inſtability of human joys. A guilty conſcience is indeed an avenging fury, and the grandeur which ſurrounds the vicious is but a life of ſplendid miſery.

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But what curious figure is that, which next preſents itſelf? A coronet adorns the chariot, but the uncouth appearance of the owner beſpeaks him of the plebeian order. His linen is uncommonly dirty, his peruke filthy and diſcoloured, and from the ſullen ſtupor which overſpreads his countenance, I ſhould ſuppoſe he had not yet recovered his laſt night's debauch.

URIEL.

That gentleman is the Baron Trinculo, covered indeed with hereditary honours, but yet the leaſt reſpected of the Libertuſian nobles. The applauſe of the vulgar multitude is his lordſhip's hobby-horſe, and he has not bluſhed to ſeek popularity even in the dreary manſions of a priſon. Natural benevolence and unaffected charity were at the moment his lordſhip's motives. But the diſtreſſes of the unfortunate were forgotten amidſt the noiſe of faction, and he ſtooped to the paltry device of making the cauſe of the indigent and the oppreſſed a ſtalking horſe for

for the introduction of a more important buſineſs.

In the early part of his life he ſerved in the corps of guards, but he refuſed to croſs the Atlantic ocean, and of courſe forfeited his commiſſion. A ſcruple of conſcience was the pretence alledged, and he dared to diſpute the power of his ſovereign to chaſtiſe a rebellious foe. His exploits in another line have been equally unſucceſsful. He has attempted the paths of naval glory, and carried arms on board the fleet of a great northern potentate. But he ſoon quitted that ſervice in diſguſt, and returned to his native country.

The fumes of his laſt night's intemperance are not yet diſperſed. His perſon, you ſee, is ſquallid, and his linen is ſtained with the juice of that nauſeous herb, which intoxicates the ſenſes and inflames the blood. However he has lately ſtepped into a lucrative appointment, and enjoys the confidence of his ſovereign, whoſe choice of ſervants often does greater honour to his heart than to his underſtanding, but in this particular inſtance I may

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venture to aſſert, that it reflects *equal honour* upon both.

But while I relate his foibles, let not his virtues paſs unnoticed. Affable to his inferiors, and ever ready to ſympathiſe with the diſtreſſes of the unfortunate, he poſſeſſes qualities which would do honour to thoſe more poliſhed ſenators, whoſe brilliant parts and elegant addreſſes are too often proſtituted to venal purpoſes.

But

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But yonder comes a more extraordinary character, than any this capricious age has yet produced. Behold that elegant carriage, adorned with the ſacred mitre, and containing that nobleman of whom an ingenious author lately obſerved, that as comets can only be explained by the doctrine of eccentricity, ſo muſt his lordſhip's conduct be developed by the rules of inconſiſtency. He is dreſſed you ſee in his epiſcopal habit, and from the ſolemn compoſure of his features you would imagine him wholly bent on the contemplation of celeſtial objects. But under the ſpecious appearance of inſpired wiſdom he conceals the moſt unbounded ambition, and under that venerable garb of ſanctity the turbulent ſpirit of military Quixotiſm aſſumes every fantaſtic ſhape, that either childiſh folly or more powerful Lunar influence can give birth to. But Libertuſia is not his lordſhip's ſcene of action. In that iſland, where now the plough-ſhare is exchanged for the ſword, and where every peaſant is big with the pride, pomp, and conſequence of

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glorious war, he fancies himself a heaven-born general, and believes that he is sent on earth to redress the wrongs of a much injured people. There instead of holy priests he is surrounded by warlike *aid du camps*; the gaudy livery of Mars is substituted for the sable vestment, and the humble crosier banished for the glittering steel.

The early years of this nobleman were attended with few auspicious omens. A small benefice and a cottage near the mansion of his predecessor were his whole dependence, and an eleemosunary dinner at his patron's table was accepted with joy and gratitude. His matrimonial project neither increased his fortune, nor did honour to his taste. His lady was the youngest of six natural children, who claimed the protection of a wealthy Chevalier, and who received that support from an indulgent father, which their cruel mother denied them. When pregnant with the seventh child, the Chevalier was induced to marry her, but the sanction of the nuptial ceremony could not restore her once blasted fame, or wipe off the stigma of prostitution. The neighbouring gentry refused to visit her,

and

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and her diſpoſition naturally peeviſh became doubly ſour from the diſappointment. She exerciſed the moſt deſpotic ſway over her huſband's family, and her children ſmarted under her tyranny, till her firſt-born ſon, a moſt accompliſhed youth and worthy a better fate, was rendered deſperate by ill-uſage, and ruſhed unbidden into the preſence of his great Creator.

But the Counteſs has not inherited her mother's temper. She has behaved with exemplary tenderneſs to a huſband, whoſe unruly paſſions are above the controul of reaſon, and who is equally unqualified to govern a private family, or to preſide at the helm of ſtate.

But human nature is ever liable to inconſiſtencies, and the moſt brilliant parts are often obſcured by the moſt groſs defects.

Obſerve

Obſerve that lady, whoſe carriage this moment paſſes the Biſhop's coach. Her countenance is ſuffuſed with a ſettled melancholy, and ſeems to bear the traces of diſappointed ambition and ill-requited love. She is the widow of that accompliſhed nobleman, who has been equally conſpicuous in the annals of politics and intrigue, and whoſe vices have been recorded on monuments of braſs, but his virtues conſigned to oblivion by an envious and misjudging world. This lady derived from nature an uncommon ſenſibility, and her perſonal attractions were by no means deſpicable. But the more powerful charms of gold were wanting, and ſhe gladly embraced the opportunity of viſiting the luxurious kingdoms of the Eaſt, where a Colonel in the ſervice of a *mighty trading company* was ſmitten with her beauty, and ſhe ſacrificed her lovely perſon to the embraces of age and impotence. She was now ſurrounded by all the parade of oriental grandeur. Palanquins, carriages, numerous ſlaves, and all the voluptuous appendages of the Eaſt ſcarce

left

left her a wish unsatisfied, when her husband, enervated by debauchery and worn out by wine and women, sunk into the arms of death, and left his gay widow to the peaceful enjoyment of wealth and liberty. She immediately returned to Europe, and appeared at the Circus, the theatres, and at every fashionable assembly, attended by an obsequious train of admirers, and covered with a profusion of diamonds. Numerous were the competitors for this golden prize; but the gallant, the accomplished Lothario eclipsed them all. Most happily formed by nature to captivate the fair, and possessed of every insinuating art that could seduce the believing virgin to his arms, he had been but too successful in his amours. Indeed few women could withstand the magic of his Syren tongue. He was by far the most finished gentleman of the present age, and had he been less licentious in the pursuit of pleasure, he might still have enjoyed those honours, which his high birth and his distinguished parts entitled him to. But extravagance had impaired his fortune, and his father, the generous patron of merit, and the Mæcenas of Libertusia, in those days was living. Matrimony, the

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the laſt certain expedient of every needy libertine, was his only reſource, and in the charming Aſiatic widow he quickly diſcovered an ample field of credulity and love. He immediately paid his addreſſes to her in form, counterfeited the fears, hopes and anxieties ſo inſeparable from the tender paſſion, and in ſhort flattered her vanity with ſuch ſucceſs, that ſhe really felt thoſe emotions which he only feigned, and ſurrendered her perſon and her treaſures to his *longing* arms. The integrity of Lotharioʼs father was here ſuperior to paternal tenderneſs, and he candidly explained to her the embarraſſed circumſtances of his ſon, his unfortunate taſte for diſſipation, and his rooted averſion to the nuptial fetters. But in vain did the good old man remonſtrate. She had drank deeply of the deſtructive paſſion, and rank, title, and precedence were powerful advocates in favour of a lover, who had ſo nearly touched her heart. The event proved fatal to her happineſs, and the words of the venerable Count were prophetic of her future miſery. Lotharip had now gained his ends. His coffers were repleniſhed with the ſpoils of Aſia, and accuſtomed

tomed to rove at large he was ſoon cloyed with the enjoyment of a perſon, whoſe beauties were not a little tarniſhed by the burning clime of India. Tears, faintings, and reproaches only increaſed the breach. The unfaithful Lothario ſought that happineſs abroad which his own houſe denied him, and at laſt a total ſeparation cloſed the ſcene.

Soon after this event the father of Lothario paid the debt of nature. The eſtate and title of courſe deſcended to his ſon, and an ample proviſion was by his will bequeathed to this unhappy lady. But the Counteſs was ſtill a prey to grief. She languiſhed under the ſevereſt agonies of ſlighted love, and ſhe ſmarted under that cruel neglect, which a wife divided from her huſband ſeldom fails to experience from a cenſorious world. But Lothario did not long enjoy his honours. He was warned by a friendly dæmon of his approaching diſſolution, and was ſnatched from the deluſive joys of this tranſitory life, almoſt before he had taſted thoſe pleaſures which his liberal fortune had deſigned him. The unhappy Counteſs, once more a widow,

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dow, watered the grave of Lothario with unfeigned tears. But she has had enough of matrimony, and will hardly be perſuaded to ſhipwreck her future happineſs on thoſe dangerous quickſands, the vows and promiſes of deceitful man.

But

But ſee, the Libertuſian monarch is at hand. He returns from his country palace to the metropolis, to be harraſſed by contending factions, and to deplore the want of that tranquillity, which the meaneſt of his ſubjects feel. When he mounted the Libertuſian throne, this iſland was the unrivalled miſtreſs of the world. The empire of the ſeas was hers, and the proud flags of each European kingdom owned obedience to her alone. For her did the fertile ſhores of Aſia pour forth their golden treaſures, nor did the wide extended nations of the weſtern hemiſphere aſpire to a greater happineſs, than that of ſubjection to the Libertuſian laws. Far different is now the ſcene. On one ſide of the Atlantic

ocean have her rebellious ſons thrown off their allegiance, and bowed to a foreign yoke; and on the other has the riſing ſun beheld her embattled hoſts proudly waving their banners over the hoſtile plains, and before the evening ſtar has gilded the face of heaven, have thoſe ill-fated armies been buried in one untimely grave.

But this melancholy decline of power has ſprung from the crimes of his ill-choſen ſervants, and not from his own miſconduct: The temper of the natives will not bear a favourite, and their former monarchs have owed the loſs of empire and of life to a favoured counſellor. The virtues of this prince are numerous; they do honour to him and to human nature, and had fate ordained him

him to have moved in a leſs exalted ſphere, he would have enjoyed more perfect happineſs, than is often allotted to the ſhare of mortal beings. But happineſs and imperial authority too ſeldom go hand in hand. On one ſide the cabals of the ariſtocratic party preſs him cloſe, and *whiſper* pernicious doctrines in his ear; on the other the high-minded champions of democracy invade his rights, and ſtrive to render the ſovereign of the Libertuſian empire a *royal cypher*.

But the winds, which with relentleſs fury ruffle the boſom of the deep, are not more changeable and uncertain than theſe capricious iſlanders. They one day extol their monarch to the ſkies, and the next they expreſs their cauſeleſs diſapprobation by hiſſes and abuſe. But

this privilege is their unalterable birthright; the liberty of the ſubject is here exerted in its full extent, and the ſenator, whoſe hackneyed theme is the *glorious majeſty of the people*, is at once the god of their idolatry.

The diſtraction which now prevails at court is the cauſe of that diſcontent ſo viſible upon the royal brow. The nobles are divided among themſelves, and the intrigues of factious individuals have involved the ſenate in inextricable confuſion. Thus are the wheels of government clogged at home, and his ſubjects, who too long have groaned under the ſcourge of Aſiatic tyranny, in all the anxiety of fearful expectation await that awful deciſion, which ſhall either reſtore them to the common rights of nature,

or

or oblige them to execrate that fatal day, when India firſt received into her hoſpitable boſom the treacherous ſons of Europe.

URGANDO.

I ſincerely pity this unhappy prince, and wiſh he may in future learn to diſtinguiſh between the virtuous zeal of thoſe independant ſenators, whoſe object is their peoples' good, and the falſe patriotiſm of thoſe ambitious ſpirits, who would gladly lay the foundation of their own greatneſs on the ruin of their king and country.

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URIEL.

But yonder comes the poliſhed Sherry ——, the favourite ſervant of the Muſes, and the confidential friend of that patriotic ſenator, whoſe ſtruggles in the cauſe of liberty have preſerved this tottering empire from impending ruin. His father purſued the paths of dramatic glory, and his memory will for ever live in the writings of that immortal ſatiriſt, who has adjudged him next in comic excellence to the modern Roſcius. Educated under ſuch a parent he imbibed a genuine taſte for poetry, and the theatre at a very early period has been indebted to his lively pen. His behaviour to the beautiful Roſſignola, before he attained the

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the age of twenty, reflected equal honour on his courage and his taſte. He drew his ſword in vindication of her injured fame, and afterwards ſealed his attachment by the ſacred bonds of matrimony.

Nor have his abilities been leſs conſpicuous on the more extended theatre of the world, than in the cloſet. Never did Athens boaſt a more accompliſhed ſenator, nor did the academic grove reſound with more native eloquence, than what flows from his honied lips. Unfortunate, that ſuch tranſcendant qualities ſhould be tarniſhed by one ungenerous foible, unworthy of his great abilities and his diſtinguiſhed name! He cannot untouched with envy behold the laurels of another bard, or give the due tribute of impartial praiſe to the labours

of

of a leſs fortunate author, who may one day with equal ſucceſs aſpire to thoſe bright diſtinctions, which the Muſe reſerves for the inſpired ſons of Helicon.

The

The coaches are fast retiring from the Circus. The hour of dress approaches, and the gay crowd is now departing to prepare for their luxurious repasts, and for the different amusements of the evening. That elegant chariot, which now drives off, contains a melancholy example of the depravity of the human mind. Wealth, consequence, and the splendid honours of a Dukedom, may purchase the sordid tribute of flattery from a needy sycophant, but intrinsic merit only can command esteem.

For many years past has this proud grandee resided in a neighbouring kingdom. His extravagance first banished him

him from his native land, and his *peculiar* taſte for pleaſures induced him to viſit countries leſs unfavourable to his purſuits than Libertuſia. The paternal fortune of his grace was ſmall; but his matrimonial connexion amply ſupplied the deficiency, and prudence alone was wanting. But frugality was incompatable with his amuſements. His eſtates were deeply mortgaged; his credit was ſoon deſtroyed, and he was at laſt obliged to bid a long farewell to this metropolis and its enchanting joys. But he changed not his manners with the climate. The ſame extravagant ideas, the ſame vicious appetites ſtill purſued him, and in a ſhort time he experienced greater evils abroad, than what he had eſcaped from in Libertuſia. In that town, which he imprudently choſe for his place of reſidence,

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dence, the ſame cruel law prevailed, which fills the priſons of this iſland with unhappy objects, and is an indelible ſtain upon a nation that boaſts of liberty, and whoſe glorious characteriſtic is humanity. His Grace here contracted numerous debts, and his creditors demanded of the preſiding magiſtrate that his perſon might be confined in jail according to the ſavage policy of the eſtabliſhed law. Their requeſt was in part refuſed. A city famous for its politeneſs bluſhed at the bare idea of offering ſo groſs an indignity to a foreign nobleman. His parole of honour was accepted, and the only bounds preſcribed to him were the limits of that juriſdiction, under which he lived. But no ties can reſtrain the wretch, who is equally loſt to the ſenſe of virtue, and to the dread of ſhame.

He

He infamouſly broke his parole, and was immured within the gloomy confines of a priſon, where he had leiſure for ſeveral years to reflect on his paſt diſhonour, and to attone by involuntary repentance for his breach of faith. In courſe of time his affairs were ſettled, and his perſon was releaſed. He immediately revifited his native country, but ſtayed only long enough to arrange his houſehold, and to publiſh his own diſgrace.

That lady, who is ſeated by him, is his favourite daughter, and the offspring of a caſual amour. Her ſiſter is married to his own valet, and his Grace has been long ſuſpected of too great an intimacy with them both. It is well known that neither ſcruples of conſcience, nor the terrors of legal puniſhment were ever

deemed

deemed by this nobleman an obſtacle to the gratification of an habitual appetite. He has inherited the vices, but not the amiable qualities of his royal anceſtor, the moſt ſenſual monarch that ever ſat on the Libertuſian throne, and ſucceſſor to that unfortunate king, who died by the hands of his rebellious ſubjects on a public ſcaffold.

He will in a few days return to ——— where he will ſpend the remainder of his life deſpiſed by all mankind, and courted only by his own ſervile dependants, and by the mercenary objects of his guilty luſt.

But think not that this beauteous iſland, in which every thing ſmiles around, and where nature has thrown ſo few ob-

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wealthy grandee in Libertuſia. Few noblemen in Europe can boaſt ſuch great alliances, and ſtill fewer can ſo truly ſay that their rank receives additional luſtre from their intrinſic merit.

Every ſpecious allurement, that miniſterial influence could throw out, has been in vain made uſe of to draw over this gentleman to the ariſtocratic faction. Superior to the tricks of party, and devoted only to his country's good, he ſcorns to wear the badge of ſlavery, *tho' gilded by imperial munificence.* Happy had it been for this iſland, had her nobles, her ſenators, and her vaunting patriots walked in the ſteps of this accompliſhed youth. She would not then have lamented her divided empire, nor would the

the proud fleets of Terpſichoria ride triumphant in that ocean, once ſubject to her alone.

F I N I S.

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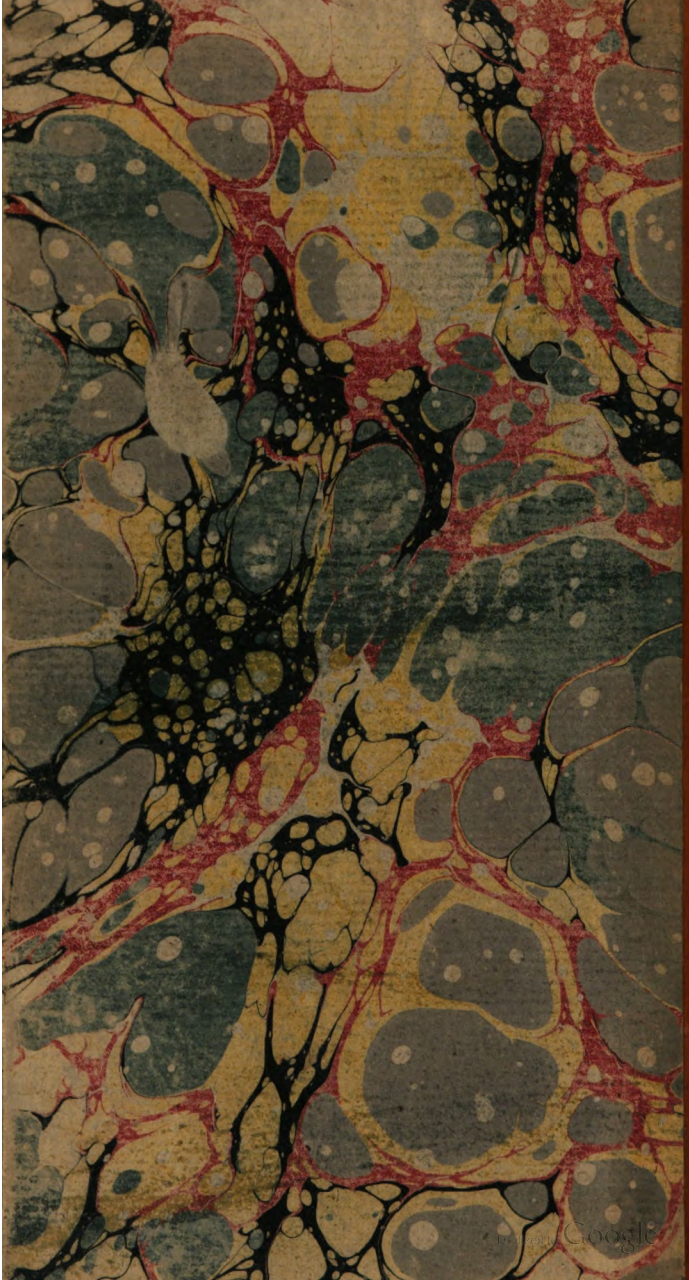
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